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By their fruits ye shall know them

We congratulate the " New Statesman " on its Silver Wedding. We are sorry that it is not for us to stand shoulder to shoulder with our comrades; to root out the iniquities of the world; to put evil to shame; to blast the apathetic; and to defy the forces of repression. Nor would we lavish youthful sentiment on the Silver Wedding of great names. Of course, our amalgamation is as old again. With a consistent policy we have worked quietly in the background to ensure the hearing of all shades of thought and in diverse fields many of the books that matter bear the colophon of George Allen & Unwin—St. George and the Dragon.

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Contents

COMMENTS ON THE WEEK'S NEWS . *Page* 503
POLITICS IN THE ROBOT AGE 505
THE GREAT DISARMAMENT LIE 506
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 507
HERR GAITSHKELL GIFE A BARTY. By Reginald Reynolds 508
THIS ENGLAND 508
THE ROAD TO EBOLI 508
FLEET STREET NOTEBOOK. By Francis Williams 510
THE PRISONER. By Brian Cleeve . . . 512
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Vaughan Williams No. 8. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 515
Twenty-five Years. By Annabel Farjeon . 516
Happy Families. By Tom Driberg . . 516
French Farce. By T. C. Worsley . . 518
A Dying Fall. By William Whitebait . 518
Peter Watson. By Stephen Spender . . 518

CORRESPONDENCE . . . . . *Page* 519
From R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.; Richard Lowenthal; Vilem Bernard; Rt. Hon. George Strauss, M.P.; René MacColl; Hugh Heckstall-Smith; Peter Swann; Bernard Wall; Raymond Stanley.
THE ORCHESTRA. By Kingsley Martin . . 523
THOUGHTS ON THE STAGGERS AND NAGGERS. By J. B. Priestley 524
CHANGING THE CLIMATE OF OPINION. By R. H. S. Crossman 526
THE PREHISTORIC "N.S. & N." By Leonard Woolf 528
THE MANTLE OF CLIVE. By Khushwant Singh 530
THE BACK PART. By G. W. Stonier . . 532
BOOKS IN GENERAL:
The World of Angus Wilson. By V. S. Pritchett 533

BUSY-BODY UNDER A CHERRY TREE. By D. J. Enright . . . . . *Page* 534
REVIEWS:
French Roundabout. By A. J. P. Taylor 534
Aunt and Nephew. By Naomi Lewis . . 534
A Bonaparte Princess. By Ralph Partridge . 536
If Treason Prosper. By Michael Howard . 536
Religious Coloration. By Rayner Heppenstall 538
A Tudor Capitalist. By H. R. Trevor-Roper 540
Small Masterpieces. By Richard Garnett . 542
Malleus Maleficorum. By John Raymond 542
New Novels. By Maurice Richardson . 543
WEEK-END COMPETITION 544
CITY LIGHTS. By Taurus 546
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac 547
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square . . 548

Comments on the Week's News

On With the Arms Race?

The three-power talks on the Middle East which took place during the Nato Council meeting led to a sharp conflict of views. While the talks were in progress, the *Daily Express* published a report saying that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd had agreed to put the Baghdad Pact into "cold storage" and halt British arms deliveries to its members. This, admittedly, was a reasonable assumption to make on the evidence of the Anglo-Soviet talks. Sir Anthony Eden, it is believed, was agreeably surprised that the Russian condition for a cessation of arms supplies to Egypt was merely a reciprocal agreement on the part of the tripartite powers, and not, as he had feared, the abrogation of the Baghdad Pact. There was thus every reason to expect that the Paris meeting would end in a western agreement to accept, at least in principle, the Russian proposal for a general, UN-sponsored arms embargo. In the event, however, Mr. Dulles brought sharp pressure to bear on Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, and the British government, which now places Anglo-American unity above all other considerations in the Middle East, climbed down and agreed to continue arms deliveries. The French, however, stood firm, and even after a heated private session, reiterated their intention of supporting the Russian embargo when it is brought before the Security Council. The western powers are thus heading for a major internal clash. Worse than this, the prospect of ending the Middle Eastern arms race now seems as remote as ever. The Russian terms, in view of their strong bargaining position, were the best that we could expect, and the Russians are unlikely to reduce them further. In the circumstances, then, the British decision is highly irresponsible, and it is to be hoped that the opposition will make every effort to persuade the government to reverse it before the Security Council meets.

The Cyprus Noose

As we go to press, the fate of Michael Karaolis and Andreas Demetriou is still undecided. But if, as seems inevitable, the government pursues the logic of its policies, they will both be hanged, to quote the official phrase, "by a man who is to remain unnamed and unrecognisable." This reversion to the hangman's mask is a grim, if unconscious, symbol of the Cyprus tragedy. Since the government slammed the door on negotiations, the vicious circle of the noose has become its only instrument of policy. Terrorism has fattened on repression. The moderates have been goaded to the extremes. The moral indefensibility of our position has provoked a cry of protest even from so unturbulent a priest as Dr. Fisher; and the hysterical venom with which Ministers replied to his appeal is the best evidence of their own uneasiness. Sir Anthony Eden, significantly, remained silent; and this is the appropriate course for a man who knowingly took the risk of war with Greeks and Cypriots in order to escape from political embarrassments at home. But, though it is possible for the government's hired hangman to remain anonymous, it is not possible to conceal the identity of the man who made his operations inevitable. Sir Anthony Eden cannot "remain unnamed and unrecognisable."

Struggle in Nyasaland

Federation was imposed upon the three Central African states three years ago. It was strenuously opposed by the African organisations of all three territories; and now the Africans have begun to strike back. In Northern Rhodesia a boycott of European and Asian shops has been organised by the National Congress, which has already made strong representations to the government about the conditions for the removal of the 29,000 Africans who are to make way for the Kariba hydro-electric scheme. In Nyasaland a strong fight was put up against the new constitution, and all the African members of the new Legislative Council are also members of the National Congress. Even in Southern Rhodesia, where political activity amongst Africans is strongly discouraged, the moribund National Congress is showing signs of new life. Developments in Nyasaland are perhaps most significant. Nyasaland has always felt that it was being openly exploited through the federal idea. Its population is the largest of the three, but its representation in the Federal Assembly is least. Since federation Nyasaland has received only six per cent. of the federal funds allocated to the territories, compared with 13 per cent. for Northern Rhodesia and 17 per cent. for Southern Rhodesia. Nyasalanders have believed, with some justification, that the other two territories, and particularly Southern Rhodesia, are deliberately restraining industrial development in Nyasaland in order to maintain a reservoir of labour. Having failed to persuade the British government to grant them either equal representation with Europeans or elections to the new Legislative Council, the African National Congress in Nyasaland has now produced a four-year plan to transform the present Legislative and Executive Councils along West African lines. They are demanding an African majority in the Legislature and African Ministers in the Executive. These demands are linked to the objective of secession from the federation and the setting up of an independent African state. As there are 2.5 million Africans and only about 5,000 Europeans in Nyasaland, this objective challenges the British and federal governments either to make early provision for increased African political power in the federation or to allow the Nyasaland Africans to run their own country.

Texas Back in the Fold

The primary election in Texas has given a great personal triumph to Senator Johnson, the Democratic leader in the Senate, and to Mr. Rayburn, the Speaker of the House. For their campaign against Governor Shivers—who led the breakaway Democrats-for-Eisenhower in 1952, and carried Texas for him—has ended in a surprising victory. The Governor, contrary to the forecasts, failed to win the primary, even though he controls the state party machine, and though the Democratic county committees throughout Texas have been heavily infiltrated by Eisenhower Republicans who believed that this was the best way to keep Shivers in control. Nevertheless, it is Senator Johnson who will control the Texas delegates to the Chicago convention—and there are 56 of them, making this the sixth-largest delegation—and Senator Johnson may now be the vice-presidential candidate. This victory is not the end of the uphill fight that the "loyal" Democrats have been waging against the Shivers regime—it began when Johnson and Rayburn stumped the state for Stevenson four years ago—but it may very well prove decisive. Senator Johnson is a moderate. He believes in party loyalty, and in compromise on the race issue. His success is a real

NEXT WEEK

SIR GERALD BARRY
An American Diary

THOMAS BALOGH
surveys a decade of "Loan Economics"

defeat for the oil and natural gas lobbies, for the racists, and the conservative semi-secessionists who abound in Texan politics. Texas, it seems, is rejoining the Democratic Party.

Smoking and Cancer

The Minister of Health, with a frankness which surprised those who expected him to hedge, has established the incontrovertible relation between cigarette-smoking and the precipitous increase in the occurrence of lung-cancer (from 2,286 deaths in 1931 to 17,271 last year). He made it clear that the risk of a heavy smoker dying of lung cancer is 20 times greater than that of a non-smoker. The retort of the tobacco companies is understandably embarrassed, but they are not doing their own case any good by suggesting that statistical evidence is not scientific evidence. The Bradford Hill and Doll results have been accepted by the jury of their scientific peers as *prima facie* evidence that the cigarette (more than pipes or cigars) is the culprit. How the cigarette produces the cancer is a matter of very difficult chemical and biological research—obviously, since in the human being the process triggered off and sustained by cigarettes may take 20 years to manifest itself in malignant form. The Minister said that two cancer-causing substances had been found in smoke. They are benzpyrene, produced (somehow) by the combustion of the tobacco and the paper and arsenious oxide, which probably derives from the sprays used on the tobacco-plants. There is no proof (by direct research-evidence) that either, or both, are responsible for the effects on the lungs. That, or some other cause, will have to await the researches which the tobacco companies have helped to subsidise, through the Medical Research Council. Meanwhile, the Minister will be harassed by demands "to do something about it." In fairness, it is a difficult job for a Ministry. The best it can do, with objectivity, is to make all the facts available and, if possible, encourage a campaign among young people (now with money to spend on cigarettes) and among National Servicemen, because the habit is easily acquired under conditions of boredom and, abroad, cheap issue. The older, confirmed smokers, will have to make their own judgments from the facts.

Pensioners' Earnings

How much should a retirement pensioner earn before he or she forfeits part of the pension? The majority of the National Insurance Advisory Committee think—and the government has agreed—that the maximum should be 50 shillings a week, which is an increase of 10 shillings over the present "earnings rule" which applies to men between 65 and 70 and women between 60 and 65. Above 50 shillings, there is a progressive loss of pension, until at five pounds a week the pension is lost altogether. Professor Titmuss and Miss Spelman are quite right to protest, in effect, that the rule is nonsensical and irrelevant to the facts. There is already widespread evasion of the rule among old people, and where it is applied it both discourages those who are fit from working and penalises those who do work by a special tax of 10 shillings in the pound. This is the more unjust since no reduction is made in the state pension for those who have other pensions or sources of unearned income. If the earnings rule were abolished, there would be a nominal cost to the National Insurance Fund, but this would be partly offset by the higher tax yield from old people, and by savings on the social services and administration. This rule, in fact, has become really unworkable, and it should be abolished as part of a general revision of pension policy. The Committee and the Minister have been dealing in statistical units, not taking old people as they really are.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

The Twilight of the Adenauer Era

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: "It does not contain a thing. You can read it forwards and backwards, it says absolutely nothing." Thus Dr. Adenauer on the Anglo-Soviet declaration after the B. and K. visit a fortnight ago. Since then, however, everybody in Bonn, including probably Dr. Adenauer, has realised that the declaration contained something very important for Germany. It said, in effect, that Britain and Russia had agreed to disagree about Germany and to pass on to other business. Slowly it is now sinking in that this is a rather shattering thing to have happened. In fact, it looks suspiciously as if the bottom had fallen out of Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy. His basic idea had always been that by entering Nato, West Germany would engage every Nato member to make German unification its object number one. For the whole of last year, Dr. Adenauer had struggled hard to persuade his western allies to make German reunification the precondition of any *détente*, and of any major diplomatic business with Russia. He was partly successful. European security was coupled with German reunification. Disarmament at first was not. Quite recently, however, the West Germans had also succeeded in getting German reunification deep into the western disarmament proposals. They were relieved, but the relief was short-lived. It is now becoming clear that, even with European security and disarmament shelved on account of the German deadlock, there is still a lot of important business to be done between the western powers and Russia, and international diplomacy is unmistakably beginning to by-pass the German question. Equally disturbing for Dr. Adenauer, the block diplomacy of the past decade, on which all his plans were built, looks like dissolving. It is no longer "the West" versus Russia. Almost overnight, diplomacy has become a network of bilateral negotiations: Britain and Russia yesterday, France and Yugoslavia today, France and Russia and Yugoslavia and Russia tomorrow. On the horizon there looms a dialogue between Russia and America in which the Far East may play the role that the Middle East played in the British-Russian one. Where does Germany remain in all this?

In the restless debate now going on here, two schools of thought are taking shape. One counsels sticking to the old line, regardless. The other feels that if everybody is beginning to fend for himself, West Germany must do the same—at least to the extent of talking with the Russians on its own behalf and exploring their plans for reunification. The respective slogans are "steadiness and patience" versus "initiative and flexibility." Dr. Adenauer heads the first school. Herr von Brentano, the Foreign Minister, appears to vacillate. The second school is visibly gaining support in public opinion. The discussion, so far, is rather hushed and confused. Neither side can find out a clear road to reunification, both are hoping for "something to turn up"—either some new hitch in East-West relations, which would restore the cold war fronts, or some unforeseeable modification in the Russian terms for German unity as presented at Geneva. There is, however, one important difference between the two camps. The western powers can do almost nothing to bring relief to Dr. Adenauer, except at great hurt to themselves. The Russians, on the other hand, can, at their own chosen moment, decisively strengthen the hand of Dr. Adenauer's opponents by a move that would cost very little. Even a replacement of the Stalinists now ruling East Germany by men of the new line might make a lot of difference.

Tokyo

Hatomandering

Our Tokyo Correspondent writes: When, last autumn, the two Socialist parties in Japan reunited and the new Liberal-Democratic Party consolidated the Conservative front, there was much anxious discussion whether a two-party system would work in Japan. Were traditions of parliamentary procedure sufficiently established to prevent majorities from abusing their power? Was there enough common ground between the parties for necessary compromises to be reached? The first major crisis, provoked by the government's electoral reform bill, has been successfully weathered—at the expense of some rather ugly procedural precedents, but at the same time with an encouraging demonstration of the pressure which a reasonable public opinion can exert. The main principle of the government's bill—the division of the present three- to six-member constituencies into a preponderance of single-member and a few double-member constituencies—is such as to benefit the Liberal-Democratic Party as long as it retains its majority of the total votes cast in an election. What, however, has brought forth an almost universal press outcry against what is called "Hatomandering" is the way the boundaries have been drawn. The Socialist Party, hopelessly outnumbered in the Diet, has resorted to every possible tactic of delay—procedural wrangles, a succession of priority non-confidence resolutions and eventually physical obstruction. Socialist M.P.s blocked gangways to prevent votes being taken, unleashed organised pandemonium to cause recession after recession and even had armies of their secretaries blocking corridors to prevent sittings from beginning.

In the background to all this lies the struggle over constitutional reform. If the bill were passed, the Socialist Party in a new election could vastly increase its share of the votes and still not retain the third of the Diet seats which at the moment gives it the power to veto constitutional amendments. And on the reform of the constitution pivots the whole struggle between those who wish to preserve the reforms of the American occupation and those who wish to "correct their excesses." The renunciation of armaments contained in Article 9 of the constitution has already, of course, been corrected in fact. An army of some 150,000 exists. The Liberal-Democratic Party holds officially to a tortuous interpretation of the article which permits rearmament "for self-defence." But the Socialists fear that the legitimisation of the present army would lead to conscription and a really serious attempt to build up "a mercenary army." The Liberal-Democrats have other changes in view, too—the central appointment

of prefectural governors, greater powers for the courts, increased emergency powers for the government, some regression towards the old "family system"—all amendments which tend towards the strengthening of authority in all its forms.

It is important to note what the aims of this reaction are. It is not the creation of the pre-war militaristic state. The national ambitions which provided the ethos of the regime of the Thirties have lost their relevance in the H-bomb age, and the Liberal-Democratic Party in any case has no wish to share power with a new army cabal or with a group of elder statesmen around an all-powerful throne. Their aim is rather the indefinite perpetuation of their own power and that of their industrialist friends within and through the democratic parliamentary system. To this end they seek to reassert enough central control over the organs of opinion-formation to prevent the Socialists from ever winning over a majority of the voters. The decision to bow to the demand for moderation over the electoral reform bill represents a further victory for the small body of enlightened urban middle-of-the-road opinion which is represented by that oddly homogeneous group of three main newspapers—*Asahi, Mainichi, Yomiuri*, with a total circulation of over 10 million.

New York

Checks on the Boom

Our New York Correspondent writes: There is a serious disagreement among responsible officials about America's economic outlook. The Federal Reserve Board raised the discount rate (the equivalent of the bank rate) by ¼ to ½ per cent last month; it was the fifth such increase within the last eighteen months. Mr. Martin, the Chairman of the Board, has said that he is convinced that raising discount rates has been necessary to check inflationary trends, but strong criticism of the Board's action has been voiced by all the Administration's officers concerned with economic affairs.

The economy certainly gives the impression of unbounded prosperity. Employment reached 64 million last month, the highest for any April in history. The number out-of-work declined by more than 300,000 to 2½ million. Personal incomes have reached a record annual rate: in the first quarter of this year the average was $313.7 thousand million, a gain of $20.1 thousand million over the first quarter of 1955, itself a record year. Can this expansion be maintained throughout the remainder of this year? The Federal Reserve apparently thinks that it can, and that it may be dangerously rapid if not curbed.

The Administration is also optimistic but it is worried about "spotty situations," as Mr. Weeks put it last week. Most worrying is the decline in the automobile industry. Sales of new cars are lagging as much as 50 per cent behind last year's level. And, although production so far this year is 21 per cent. down on last year, dealers' stocks are up to a record 800,000. The implications of this recession are far-reaching. The motor industry is an important economic indicator. It is a major employer, a large consumer of raw materials, and a significant factor in total retail volume. A bad auto year is bound to have a depressing effect on the entire business scene.

Another major heavy industry—farm equipment—is also in trouble. The sales decline here was not unexpected, but the severity of the decline has surprised the experts. Volume is off as much as 80 per cent and in some areas the market has completely dried up. Decline in farm income is of course the main explanation. Agricultural earnings are down 26 per cent from their peak during the Korean war. Unfavourable weather has also played a role. So has the uncertainty over Congressional action on agricultural price and production policies.

The impact of these two "spotty situations" on the economy as a whole is difficult to predict. But if trends persist, overall boom conditions will undoubtedly be affected. This is what worries the Administration in an election year. A large part of the Republican campaign will be the claim that Eisenhower has brought unprecedented prosperity: a sharp jolt in the autumn could knock that plank from the platform.

Madrid

Franco Woos the Falange

A Correspondent writes: Claims that the strikes had been stopped have proved premature. About 50,000 men, mainly in Bilbao, are reported to be out, and the trouble is still spreading. In the meantime, Franco started a wave of speculation when he addressed a gathering of 25,000 Falangists in Seville on April 29. His speech marks a definite reversal of policy, for, while holding on verbally to the idea of monarchy, he went out of his way to woo the Falange. He began speaking in a constrained atmosphere that gave way to wild enthusiasm as the speech developed. He devoted lengthy praise to the Falangist doctrine and, referring to the question of the Monarchy, stated that the content of the political movement was more important than the form of government. The present regime, he said, with one man at the apex of the Falangist pyramid, was virtually monarchical: "We are in fact a monarchy without royalty." Finally he promised: "The Falange can live without the Monarchy; what cannot live is any monarchy without the Falange."

The tone and content of this speech has provoked great discussion. Is Franco, under the pressure of the recent political unrest, being forced to come to terms with the Falange? Does the ambiguous use of the term "monarchy" in the sentence "we are a monarchy without royalty" mean that he is now prepared to accept the succession of another Caudillo if the Falange will not accept a Bourbon? Or was it all merely a show of fellowship, intended to rally the discontented Falange behind him again with well-chosen words? Either way, he has suddenly shown a need for Falangist support. Why? Three possible reasons for the reconciliation are being discussed. First, that the discontent in the Falange was no longer confined to the monarchical question, and that many of the rank-and-file were in sympathy with the workers over their economic plight. Secondly, it is believed that a number of industrialists, especially in Catalonia, are increasingly dissatisfied with the centralising industrial policy of the government, and secretly supported the strikes as a means of pressure. (This would be no new phenomenon in Catalonia, where Franco went last autumn with the entire government to deal with the reported discontent among the industrialists.) Thirdly, and most serious, that Franco's principal prop, the Army, may be at last beginning to grow weary. There is as yet no outward sign of this. But, given the customary state of financial discontent among the lesser-ranking officers, a bid to change a Government which was losing their support in other ways would never come as a surprise. And those who claim to hear the first rumblings are saying that Franco's precautionary *rapprochement* with the Falange can only be fully explained by a belief on his part that the Army is growing restive. If this were true, then Franco's position might indeed be more serious than it appears.

Politics in the Robot Age

On Tuesday, Mr. Macleod gave the government's formal blessing to automation, and promised the early publication of the report which the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has been preparing for more than two years. So far, so good. But it was clear from the Minister's answers that he and his colleagues share the general view that automation is merely "the latest and most novel" of the developments in industrial technique that have been "going on for many years." He showed no sign that he understood that automation is going to raise political and economic problems that will go to the roots of our society.

This, however, is the context in which the Labour movement has to set the matter. And, at the moment, the controversy has been sharpened by the strike at the Standard motor works—which may be as ominous for this generation as the mining strikes which, in the Twenties, preceded the general strike. There is a fascinating contrast between these two disputes. The Standard workers, it seems, are protesting against the introduction of new machines which may rob many of them of their jobs, while the miners—backed by the whole trade union movement—were in effect demanding that the mineowners bring their industry up to date.

In 1926, the post-war sellers' market had to come to an end, and British industry was facing stiff competition from abroad. It could and should have met that competition by turning to new techniques and modern plant. But it chose to consume its profits rather than invest them; and it tried to keep its prices competitive by driving down wages to get cheap labour. When, therefore, the unions fought back, they were trying to lift the economy out of stagnation, and to teach slothful and backward industrialists a lesson that many of them did not succeed in learning until the war and post-war boom brought both high wages and a labour shortage.

Thirty years ago, therefore, British capitalism tried to maintain its profitability and its competitive position at the expense of the working class. Despite the great difference between 1926 and 1956, the same issue lies behind the Standard strike. The men are not Luddites, objecting to technical change. They are much more conscious of the nation's need to pay its way in the world than the factory-gate propagandists of the Economic League. But they can see quite clearly that the incentive for automation is not the long-term national interest, but the immediate interest of the shareholders. Men are to be thrown on to the market because it is more profitable to use machines.

There has been so much woolly talk about the "robot revolution" that it is hard for many people to grasp this point. Automation is an important technical change; but it is expensive, as American experience has shown. In the long run these new methods of automatic control can indeed revolutionise production, but they will only be

introduced where they can earn their keep; and they cannot earn their keep unless the saving in labour cost is substantial. Since industry is owned and controlled by private enterprise, and since the economy is increasingly dominated by large producers and monopolies, such decisions about investment, prices and output are taken within the framework of the profit system. There is no national plan for production, no means of ensuring the best use of labour, plant and raw materials. And so the introduction of automation is bound to be capricious and unplanned, depending entirely on relative costs at a given time.

If our economy were completely free the process would work as it does in the textbooks and as the *Economist* believes that it does in real life. The displaced workers would be thrown on to the labour market, the price of skilled labour would fall and the men would be absorbed by other firms, which could then afford to employ them. In this way a balance between labour-cost and machine cost would be maintained. But the Standard workers—who are only the first group to be involved in this kind of dispute—are well aware that the matter is not so simple. There are so many reasons why labour is not mobile. There are the housing shortages, trade union rules, the tradition of long-term employment by a single firm and the growth of occupational pension schemes. And there has so far been no attempt, as Mr. Macleod now agrees there should be, to secure proper discussion between unions and employers about the pace and character of technical changes, or to ensure proper retraining for workers who are made redundant. As things are, automation seems a serious threat to the worker, and he instinctively reacts in the traditional fashion to defend his interests.

Whatever the result of this particular dispute, it should be taken as a warning of trouble ahead. And that trouble cannot be avoided by talking about "immeasurable benefits" that will be created by automation, or by setting up study-groups, adding a new section to the Board of Trade or other pieces of administrative tinkering. Nor can it be avoided by lecturing the trade unions on the need to bring their structure up to date and to co-operate with management. The plain fact is that the structures both of the unions and of British industry are anachronisms: they belong to an economy that was the product of the first industrial revolution. Now we stand on the verge of a new age, with new tools and new methods, and we have to adjust our social system to accommodate them and to make the best use of them.

Take, first, the structure of industry. For the economic reasons given above, automation is most profitable where an industry or a firm has a large and steady market, where there are reserves of capital and where mass-production has already led to considerable concentration of ownership. It cannot be applied effectively by small backward enterprises, with which British industry is riddled. By its nature it requires an integrated process of production, which reaches far beyond the walls of a particular factory. It follows, therefore, that it will lead to further economic concentration, a reduction in the area of competition and a strengthening of the large companies and near-monopolies.

Next, automation will require a radical change in the character of the trade unions, because production will no longer be a series of steps separated by the division of different skills. The traditional frontiers of the trade unions have already been breached by modern techniques, and in the long run automation is bound to destroy them. It will demand new lines of demarcation based on the process and not on the skill. But it is utopian to urge such reorganisation upon the unions unless the climate in which they work is radically changed. So long as they are faced with a system of industrial ownership which is substantially unchanged, so long will they cling to the organisational pattern created by that system. They will only be able to change when there is a far-reaching change in that system, and in the meantime they cannot be condemned for trying to protect the interests of their members as strenuously as management is trying to protect the interest of its shareholders.

If the character of production is to be changed, however, there must also be changes in our educational system and our class structure. We cannot reap the benefits of automation until we provide a flow of scientists and technicians adequate to develop and maintain the new equipment. But we are failing to do this, precisely because we regard automation as a marginal technical adjustment. Today we train one technician for every thirty workers entering industry. We shall need something closer to the figure of one in five, which is the current target in the Soviet Union. And to achieve this we shall have to break down class barriers in education, as well as class barriers at work, for the snob lines that divide the manual from the white-collar worker have no place in the factory of the future.

Where do all these arguments lead? To the conclusion that we cannot properly apply the new technology in our present society, that we cannot achieve an orderly transition or work out the right social priorities when we have a government that believes that what is good for Standard Motors is good for Britain. We have here, in short, a new and overwhelmingly strong case for national ownership and central planning, for a society in which there is genuine equality in education and social behaviour. The Labour Party has often been criticised for harking back to the depressions of the past to support its indictment of capitalism. Will it realise that here in automation lies its greatest opportunity? For this is the proof that the future of the British economy depends upon the socialist organisation of industry.

The Great Disarmament Lie

YET another session of the U.N. Disarmament Sub-committee has ended in total deadlock. But at last the issues can be stated with brutal clarity. The great Disarmament Lie has been finally exposed. The Russians, realising they stand to gain more than the West, both politically and economically, by disarmament, have presented a reasonable and workable plan for a substantial reduction of conventional arms. The West has turned down the offer flat. That, in two sentences, is the history of the last session. The Russians now intend to compound their moral victory by reducing unilaterally the level of their conventional armaments, and this will doubtless increase the West's embarrassments still further. This is not, however, the main point at issue. What matters—and what we must now examine—are the real reasons why the West turned down the proposals, because an analysis of these exposes the bankruptcy of our entire international strategy.

First, let us examine the reasons advanced by western spokesmen. The proposals, they say, are unacceptable because they contain no provisions for nuclear disarmament, or for an effective control system, or for a prior political settlement, above all in Germany. None of these criticisms, it should be noted, are directed against the Russian proposals as such—and this is not surprising, since for the most part these simply repeat the Anglo-French proposals of March, 1955. The western charges, in fact, are largely irrelevant. On the first point, the Russians can reply that neither the new Anglo-French proposals, nor the new American proposals state clearly how an effective control system for the manufacture of nuclear weapons can be devised—indeed, both specifically admit that such a system is now, by definition, impossible. The Russians are therefore justified in reasoning that the purely technical failure to devise nuclear controls should not prevent us from coming to a limited agreement on conventional weapons. Indeed, they could well add that the very fact that an agreement on some types of weapons has been reached, and that a limited control system is in operation, would create the mutual confidence which might largely compensate for the technical shortcomings of a nuclear control system. That, after all, is the justification for the "Open Skies" plan.

This brings us to the second point: by insisting that the problem of nuclear control is the real test of Russia's intentions, western delegates have neatly obscured the fact that the control provisions in the Russian proposals are entirely adequate for what they were designed to do: check the enforcement of disarmament in conventional weapons. The "Open Skies" proposal, which the Russians appear to have rejected, is totally irrelevant; as Mr. Gromyko has pointed out, it is not technically designed to enforce disarmament; it is merely an attempt to provoke a vague psychological *détente*. In so far as aerial inspection is germane to control (i.e. through photography), provision is made for it in the Russian proposals.

Finally, the third point—which brings us nearer to the true answer. The western criticism that the proposals contain no reference to political settlements can be answered at two levels. First, it is disingenuous to say that disarmament cannot proceed without a prior relaxation of world tension. If world tension is relaxed, disarmament negotiations become unnecessary. Their whole purpose—and the *raison d'être* of the Sub-committee—is to try to effect a relaxation of tension by removing one of its mechanical causes. Secondly, there is no inherent reason why an agreement on disarmament should be linked to a political settlement—which means, in effect, reunification of Germany. Such a settlement would, to begin with, be outside the terms of reference of the Sub-committee. Moreover, the West is now beginning to accept—as the recent Anglo-Soviet talks made clear—that German reunification cannot be achieved in the foreseeable future. Must therefore failure to agree on this problem automatically prejudice agreement on the far more fundamental problem of disarmament? No western statesman could possibly admit a proposition expressed in these terms; yet this is essentially the logic of the western position.

The Russian position, of course, is by no means unassailable. Their obstinate—though strictly logical—refusal to discuss nuclear control at this stage was diplomatically an error, as, in the last week of the session, they realised. Further, it is difficult to justify their consistent refusal to allow control inspectors unrestricted access to their territory; the western delegates were able to make capital out of both these points and so obscure the central issues. Nevertheless, these are minor criticisms. To an objective observer, the session leaves the abiding impression that the Russians were throughout concentrating on the

specific issue of disarmament, whilst the West was trying to obtain something quite different: a global package deal.

This conflict of aims underlines our real weakness. Both the political and economic structure of the Soviet world, and its relations with the uncommitted areas, make a large measure of conventional disarmament not merely possible for the Russians, but desirable. It presents no industrial problems. The government cannot be accused of "neutralism." Since the Warsaw Pact is a mere facade, its dismantling entails no political complications. The West, by contrast, enjoys none of these advantages. Disarmament confronts western governments with real economic problems, at least in the short term. It involves a confession of faith in Russian good intentions difficult to justify to populations which have been goaded into rearmament only by the deliberate and sustained creation of a fear neurosis. The whole direction of western policy cannot suddenly be jerked into reverse. Yet this is what even a limited conventional disarmament would entail. The plain fact is that if the West accepted the proposed Russian levels, Nato, Meto and Seato would have to be discarded, many of the American peripheral bases abandoned, and western commitments in Korea, Indo-China and Japan drastically reduced. In brief, granted nuclear parity, conventional disarmament makes military sense to the Russians; but it plunges the global strategy of the West into hopeless confusion. Why? Because western global strategy is no longer strategy in the real sense of the term: it is a series of ossified politico-military institutions. To western leaders, these institutions cannot be scrapped unless and until the Russians agree to a global package deal. And this the Russians, not unnaturally, refuse to do.

Must we then reconcile ourselves to deadlock on disarmament? Of course not. Britain cannot permanently afford to spend £1,500m. a year on defence; and this fact will shortly become painfully obvious to us all. We can and must escape from the logical consequences of our cold war institutions. It is against this background that we should examine last week's meeting of the Nato Council of Ministers. All the western ministers were adamant that Nato could not continue in its present form. Yet all their plans for transforming it were rejected because they involved either duplication of existing international organs, or unacceptable infringements of national sovereignty. The fact is, Nato cannot, by its very nature, be expanded: it can only be contracted. But not a single delegate voiced this obvious truth; nobody asked the really vital question: "What will be the function of Nato when an agreement on disarmament makes it physically impossible for the member countries to discharge their obligations towards it?" Yet until the Nato Ministers face—and resolve—this problem, the West can never be a party to a disarmament agreement.

It is along these lines that the Labour Party should attack the government; and when the new White Paper is debated, Mr. Gaitskell must divide the House. He has already had the courage to express emphatic disagreement with Tory policy in the Middle East. The time has now come to scrap the bipartisan line on disarmament also. The present government position, compounded of bad faith, half-truths and a servile acceptance of Pentagon dogmas, is only tenable in the face of a complaisant and uncritical opposition. It is, therefore, in the Labour Party's power to ensure that Mr. Nutting goes to the next session of the sub-committee with something which, up to the present, he has conspicuously lacked: the will to reach a settlement.

London Diary

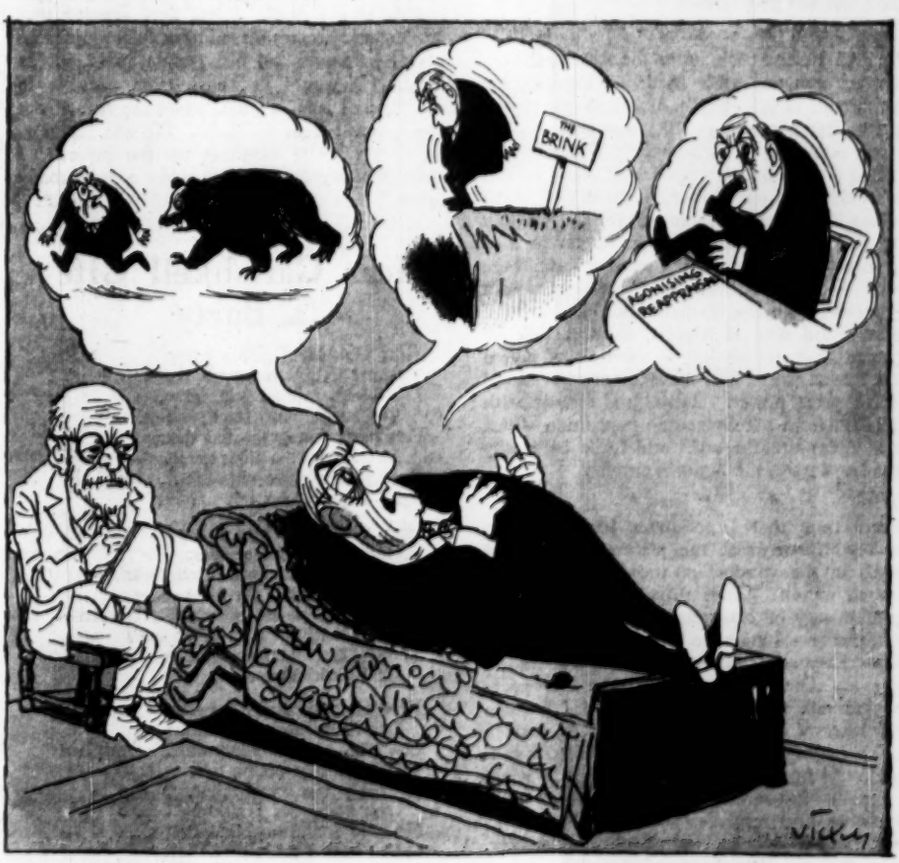
Sir Anthony Eden did not say in the House on Wednesday night against whom disciplinary action was to be taken in the affair of Lt. Cmdr. Crabb, the frogman, and the Soviet cruiser in Portsmouth harbour. Was it, as I should like to think, that the police had acted outside their powers in tearing out a page from a hotel register? Are cloak and dagger activities outside the law? Or was it that some unspecified secret department acted against instructions in spying on the visiting cruiser? What we are told so far is that Lt. Cmdr. Crabb did not return from the investigation of the Soviet warship's bottom, and that the Russians had some men conveniently on the alert in that rather inaccessible area. The explanation, I take it, is that the Russians never expect their western friends to refrain from taking any discreet pictures they can of a Soviet cruiser any more than they would themselves refrain from manifesting similar interest in the shape and strength of a British cruiser's keel if it made a call at Murmansk or Leningrad. I have no doubt that both Sir Anthony Eden and the Admiralty were ignorant of Mr. Crabb's activities; no information gained in this way could possibly be worth the diplomatic disadvantage to be gained by allowing the Russians to say they were being spied upon. One of the problems of a world in which the big powers decide not to go to war with one another—if we have indeed reached that point—will be to curb the independent zeal of the Secret Service which, unless very authoritatively instructed, always assumes that war with a Communist country is about to happen tomorrow, if not today. At certain moments this fixed idea may have real disadvantages. In France, for instance, at the beginning of the last war, it was immediately assumed that the Communists must be the enemy; they were all quickly gaoled, with the result that Himmler's job was half done for him when Hitler dictated his terms to Pétain. The British did better in this matter; here it was actually the pro-Germans, not the pro-Russians, who were under lock and key when the Russians became our allies. One sympathises with the miserable Service planners when these switches take place. I remember hearing Sir Winston Churchill vividly describing how difficult it was to induce the Army and Navy chiefs in the first decade of this century to abandon their plans for a future war with France and to face the possibility that the enemy would be the Germans. It will be even more difficult to persuade the Services that it is just conceivably possible that there isn't going to be a war with anybody!

* * *

"Really," as Miss Nightingale said in a totally dissimilar situation, "this is too kind, too kind." So I feel as I read letters that have reached me personally this week, and the generous and unanticipated tributes of publishers that appear in our Silver Wedding issue. I need scarcely add that most of the correspondents complain that they repudiate our opinions even though they find us indispensable reading. The neatest comment comes from Allan M. Laing, the king of competition winners:

Old statesmen ever seemed to dread
With peoples close relation;
But a New Statesman rose to wed
And save a dying Nation.

For five-and-twenty years the two
Have fought all that frustrates man,
And still the marriage, tried and true,
Joins Nation and New Statesman.



"Massacre in Algeria," ran a *Times* headline on Tuesday morning. For a moment I thought we were going to be given a fair picture of the present French campaign in North Africa. But the next heading ran "Twenty Europeans Murdered." That, in all conscience, is horrible enough, but what hypocrisy it must seem to Non-Europeans. Every few days I see references in French newspapers to a far larger number of Arabs killed, often people who could have had no part in an attack on Europeans. The French themselves are more ruthless and logical in this matter than the British, who are ashamed of having executed some 800 Kikuyu in Kenya, and, as far as I have met them, Tories and Labourites alike, mostly shocked at the quite unnecessary reign of terror and counter-terror in Cyprus. The ruling view in France is that the only way of dealing with a determined nationalist rising is to massacre so many that the rest keep quiet. There have been four great colonial massacres committed by the French in recent years. The figure of insurgents killed in the Madagascar rising admitted in the French Chamber after the war was, if I remember rightly, 45,000. Almost as many Algerians were shot in 1945. Some 20,000 Tunisians were massacred at Cap Bon in 1952, and about 40,000 Algerians and Moroccans were killed by the French soldiers in August of last year. This, it must be realised, is deliberate policy. Members of the French Right say quite openly that after all, Thiers suppressed Communism for a generation by shooting some 30,000 workers in 1871, and that they may have to kill up to half a million Arabs to establish law and order in Algeria. There is very little opposition to the policy of suppression in Paris today. It is, after all, adopted by a Socialist Government with Communist support. Only a small committee of intellectuals still argue for peace with the rebels, and though this group has much prestige, it lacks the resources to counter the current war propaganda.

* * *

In 1945 I came back across the American continent in company with Madame Tabouis, the most famous of all French American correspondents of her generation. She said that she felt she was returning to a France which could never be again a great military power but could remain the world's greatest cultural centre. I asked whether in a country where culture and military glory had grown so closely together for at least three centuries, the one could survive without the other? Today I still hope that France can remain the home of fearless thought, but the story of Vietnam, and now of Algeria, suggests that we are once again witnessing an example of how a Great Power cannot face the fact that it has ceased to have great power. History is strewn with examples—from the Syracusan expedition which ruined Athens to the cruel and futile bellicosity of the last days of the Spanish empire.

* * *

Every time that I go down Jermyn Street, I look with horror at the pictures of tortured animals in the window of the R.S.P.C.A., and I say to myself: Either these photographs are an unfair way of extorting money by wringing our hearts or we ought to be carrying out a rip-roaring campaign against such abominations. And every time this happens, I seize the opportunity to talk to some scientist and I get the same kind of reply. The R.S.P.C.A. does a fine job in stopping cruelty and should be supported. As to experiments on animals, it would be foolish to condemn scientists for using animals to find remedies for such diseases as diphtheria and, perhaps some day, for cancer. In this country, too, the regulations about vivisection are strict, and the horrors you see depicted in propagandist literature are either special cases that have been exposed or cases that have taken place in foreign countries, including America, where the regulations are much too weak and have been too little enforced by inspection. The effect of this reply, which I have heard many times from scientists whose word and whose humanity I trust, is to prevent my starting protests and to make me sure that what is wanted is a thorough investigation. Maybe it is an international commission rather than a purely British one that is wanted. I wonder, for instance, how many of the enormous number of rhesus monkeys now imported into America, as we discovered not long ago when some hundreds were killed by accident on their way through Britain, are really necessary for scientific advance? How many important discoveries have been made that could not have been better made another way? And how many experiments are carried out simply in order that a scientist may boast that the results, or lack of results, were justified by so many hundred animal experiments?

* * *

On Sunday morning I woke from a dream that I had just been enjoying a long chat with the King of England. (Which king I don't know—probably George V.) I think we were in Delhi. The palace room where we sat debouched on to a railway platform. He was awaiting the arrival of some important personages—maybe B. & K. In preparation for this official audience he put on his crown and balanced his sceptre in his hand. I knew that I must tactfully withdraw when the guests arrived. In the meantime he talked about the Indian Empire; he thought it a pity we had yielded to democratic trends instead of continuing to rule as benevolent despots. I woke up with the tag end of the conversation sounding in my head. I had been arguing that what he had suggested was impossible; nationalist movements among colonial people could not be stopped. It would not have been possible to keep imperial rule in India while the rest of the colonial world went on strike. He was replying, very slowly, as if weighing up the price: "I should certainly have had to make a *great* many knights."

CRITIC

Herr Gaitshkell Gife a Barty

Herr Gaitshkell gife a barty
Shust to prush up his Russian;
Der Nato, mit an oder plan,
Vos rushing up its Prussian.
Dot barty hat ge-costed dear
Mit Brown zo über-zealous—
But vot der Nato shpree vill cost
Ist nopody can tell us?

Herr Gaitshkell gife a barty,
Herr Eden gife anoder;
Der Englander make Liederkranz—
Der Grushchev ist his broder.
Der Deutscher ist nicht up-gecleared—
Vhy Grushchev at de Balace?
Vhere Deutschland-über-Dulles shtood
Ist Friede-über-alles.

Herr Gaitshkell gife a barty—
Dot barty now ist famous
Can Gait-und-Sommer-shkell gomplain
Os anypody plame us?
No barty vos for Adenauer,
Und vhen der Kaltkreig ceases
No geld for Argo-Nato grews
Dot zeek no Golden Vleeces.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A 22-year-old miner hit his father twice on the head with an axe and said: "What do you think of modern youth now?"

Then he ran away with his 34-year-old stepmother.—*Daily Mail.* (M. Calman.)

Also, I cannot help noticing that as soon as we put the clocks on one hour the weather immediately changes for the worse. Nature should be left alone in all her beauty and all young things left in peace. —Letter in *Gloucestershire Echo.* (M. A.)

He said: "The council hopes the residents of this estate will regard 'Family Group' as a possession to be prized and protected for more than one reason, not the least being its merit as a work of art."

But one tenant, Mrs. Delia Matthews, whose windows overlook the statues, said yesterday: "We did not want art, we wanted something useful like swings for the kids."—*News Chronicle.* (A. L. Rabin.)

Mrs. Abbott, who said that she was nearly 73, added: "I got all the knowledge I have very wisely from the Encyclopedia Britannica. I said to myself, 'I am not interested at the moment but if I fall in love I probably will be.' I recommend it as a thoroughly sound method of sex education."—*Manchester Guardian.* (M. Chazan.)

Charles William Harwood, Ransome Road, Arley, near Nuneaton, was fined £2 at Nuneaton yesterday for causing unnecessary suffering to a captive rat by inciting a dog to attack it. He was ordered to pay four guineas costs and three guineas advocate's fee. It was stated that when a rat was captive it became entitled to the protection of the law.—*Daily Telegraph.* (M. Graff.)

The Road to Eboli

(By Our Rome Correspondent)

THE Mayor of Barletta received us without ceremony. He wanted to order coffee, but one of the town councillors, Signor Damiani, pointed out that the unemployed were downstairs, and that the sight of a white-clad waiter carrying coffee into the Municipio might be misinterpreted.

It was at Barletta in March that two men were shot by the police, and a third died later. Another man was shot at Venosa, and all over southern Italy there were isolated disorders during the winter. The anti-Communist press in Italy attributed these disorders to a Red plan to create police victims in the south. They said that Danilo Dolci, the Catholic writer dragged off to prison for having forcibly put some peasants to work, was a Bolshevik agent. Social conditions in southern Italy have perhaps no parallel in the rest of Europe. It was not the Communist Party that created the disorders of this winter, but rampant poverty and hunger.

Barletta is a typical southern Italian town, north of Bari on the Adriatic coast. The "Banca d'Italia" has magnificent premises; so has "Upim"—the chain store which is the Italian equivalent of Marks and Spencers. These two buildings stand out incongruously amid the surrounding squalor. The present generation of "Barlettani" seem to be dwarfed by the past glory of this ancient city, whose medieval stone walls and turrets, and Moorish palaces still stand nobly by the sea. The narrow, unhealthy streets of once-pink and once-blue houses are desolate and melancholy. Many of the streets are propped up by wooden posts, and at every step there is a

"Among those present"

When *The New Statesman* and *The Nation* were wed in 1931, among those present in their columns was William Heinemann with a list of distinguished books by now famous names. In that year we published books by John Galsworthy, Maurice Baring, Francis Brett Young, John Masefield, Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley and Graham Greene. In 1956 that high standard is maintained.

GENERAL

YOUNG SAMUEL JOHNSON
By James L. Clifford

FRED HOYLE
Frontiers of Astronomy

BRITISH POLITICAL PARTIES
By R. T. McKenzie

WILLARD PRICE
Adventures in Paradise

D. H. LAWRENCE
Selected Literary Criticism

J. B. PRIESTLEY
All About Ourselves and other Essays

RICHARD CHURCH
Over the Bridge (autobiography)

JOHN CLARE: His Life and Poetry
By J. W. & Ann Tibble

FICTION

GRAHAM GREENE
The Quiet American

RICHARD CHURCH
The Dangerous Years

JOHN LODWICK
Contagion to this World

ERIC AMBLER
The Night-Comers (June)

NEVIL SHUTE
Beyond the Black Stump

ELLESTON TREVOR
The Killing-Ground

GEORGETTE HEYER
Sprig Muslin

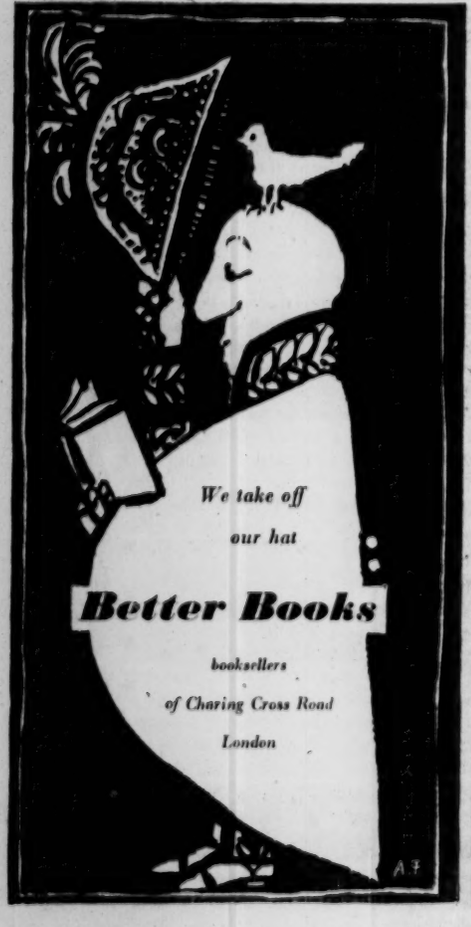
AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP
The Judas Figures

Heinemann

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD
99 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, WC1

mute cry of anguish, in the form of a silent beggar, from the people condemned to live in these conditions. A glance at this city and its life is sufficient to make one realise that in Barletta, as in the greater part of southern Italy, there is no real political situation. Life here has not yet reached that stage in human evolution. It is therefore stupid to talk of "disorders fomented by the Left." The disorders spring spontaneously from the wretched state of the Italian citizens in this area.

As we talked to the Mayor, he drew a grim picture of the situation in his town of 70,000 inhabitants. More than half the population live in family groups of six to ten in a single room, in what the Mayor called an "immoral promiscuity." Most of these families, like that of Giuseppe Spadaro, one of the men shot by the police, had no lavatory. The Mayor could not say with precision how many unemployed he had in the town. He could only say that there were about 1,000 people perpetually hungry. Statistics for the unemployed were impossible to establish. A peasant labourer worked one day, then was perhaps idle for a week. In the square of Barletta there was a daily labour market, where peasants were chosen for a day's work. If a man worked for four days in the week he was extremely fortunate. For a day's work he received 800 lire. The population lived on bread and greenstuffs, and the Mayor added that they bought their bread from the bakery at the beginning of the week rather than make it themselves; they preferred the bread to get stale because they would not eat it so quickly. Barletta has not even enough schools, and many of the children attend on alternate days. Some of the children are sent home by the teachers because they have neither books nor shoes. There is only one factory in Barletta, a branch of the chemical monopoly, which gives work to 400 persons.



The incidents which caused the police to open fire and kill three of the "hungry" have to be assessed against this background. What is to be done about a situation in which three hungry men can be shot dead because they have been exasperated by the faulty distribution of charity food parcels?

The Mayor thought the food had come from the U.S., but he was not sure. It had been distributed under the auspices of the Vatican. The Mayor had called the local priest, Don Francia, and asked him to collaborate with the other assistance committees which distribute the food parcels. The priest had replied that the food would be distributed according to the judgment of his own committee. After the first incidents outside the church the Mayor succeeded in persuading the crowd to move away to the Town Hall. Suddenly a fully armed squad of riot police, called in from Bari, appeared at the end of the narrow street and charged the crowd. There was confusion, panic, shots, and the usual pathetic cries —*Hanno ammazzato Giuseppe.* "They have killed Giuseppe." He was only twenty and about to be married. He died with a bullet in his back because he had left home that morning with the intention of bringing home a Vatican food parcel. Perhaps the saddest reflection of all on life in Barletta is that those who carried him to hospital stole his engagement ring.

Go on by autobus, from Bari to Lucania, the most depressed region of Italy. This is the district which inspired Carlo Levi to write *Christ Stopped at Eboli.* And the only guide we could find in Matera was a paid official of the Communist Party (his pay was £10 per month). Giuseppe Miriello was a short, thirty-seven-year-old ex-peasant. He had the face, one could not help thinking, of the men who were always in the front line of the demonstrations. But there was much more to him than this. As he led us towards *I Sassi* ("The Rocks"), the caverns in which 25,000 of Matera's 35,000 inhabitants live, he explained calmly that he, too, had once lived "in the rocks." His first two babies had died, after a few months, of pneumonia. Now that he lived above the ground, he said, he had two more children and they were living. He spoke of babies not without feeling, but rather as one speaks of kittens. Matera has the highest infant mortality rate in Italy.

There was nothing dogmatic about Miriello. His Communism had nothing to do with Stalin. It was something more practical. He had been turned from an illiterate peasant into a man with clear views on the world, a man who believed in a better future. Though the demolition of the Stalin cult has created confusion among the Communists of the north, an advance of the Left in southern Italy is as inevitable as the evolution of man from the stone age. In southern Italy Communists are like Miriello, who is less revolutionary than a member of the British Labour Party: the latter is a real menace because he wants the nationalisation of industry, but Miriello has first to fight to ensure that his wife will no longer have to give birth to her children in a cavern.

There is a dignity about the hill folk of Matera. At Bari and Barletta one was assailed by beggars. Here only a few children asked for five-lire pieces (and at a word from Miriello they vanished). We entered the grotto of an aged couple. They had been cooking outside on a rudimentary stove. As one stepped down into the cavern there was a sudden change of temperature. The walls were green and moist, pictures of the Madonna and of the parents who had lived in the same cave were yellow with age. There was a high double bed, with spotlessly clean sheets, at the far end of the cavern, touching the rock walls. The old woman had spent most of the winter confined to that bed, without light or fresh air. The old man had worked out his lifetime, now there was no more work left in him, and this was all the world had given him. Yet the old woman was still not resigned to living in her cave; she burst into tears when she saw the effect her "house" made on us.

In the museum of Matera are the ribs of a whale dating from the days before Italy emerged from the waters. There are instruments of the stone age, the iron age, and a valuable collection of objects from the Greco-Roman era. There is the skeleton of a man who lived in the caves of Matera 10,000 years before Christ.

Fleet Street Notebook

WHEN the Royal Commission on the press made its report, it directed some of its bluntest criticism—and with good cause as most people will agree—against those newspapers that in the sacred name of sensationalism intrude into private grief or tragedy merely for the sake of "a good story." It added with admirable force that the pain given to individuals was only part of the evil of this practice: "the greater evil lies in the degradation of public taste which results from the gratification of morbid curiosity and in the debasement of the professional standards of the journalists who, whether willingly or otherwise, minister to it." It was urged to consider whether this was not an abuse that could be best corrected by legislation. It decided otherwise, taking the view that it could best be left to the effective action of the press itself since such intrusion had been formally condemned by both proprietors' and journalists' organisations.

The Royal Commission's experience was, however, somewhat limited. It had not met Mr. Herbert Gunn, now editor of the *Daily Sketch*. Mr. Gunn would have opened the Commission's eyes.

Not for the first time Mr. Gunn is in conflict with the Press Council. It has had the impertinence to criticise the *Sketch* for intruding upon Mrs. Monica Shipman, the widow of an army sergeant in Nicosia, within twenty-four hours of the murder of her husband. Mrs. Shipman was summoned from her home at night to answer a personal call from London at a telephone some distance away. She believed it to be a call from one of her relatives—only to find when she reached the telephone that it was a *Daily Sketch* reporter eager for an exclusive story. This the Press Council held to be an example of "callous intrusion" into private grief, damaging to the reputation of the British press. I imagine most people will share its view.

Not so Mr. Gunn. Mr. Gunn has several answers. His first, given in reply to the Press Council's request for information, was that at no time had an interview with Mrs. Shipman been "requested or authorised by an executive of the newspaper" and that the *Sketch* had a "rigid rule" against intrusion on private grief. On this the Press Council commented that it had ascertained from the General Post Office that in fact the telephone call was a personal one booked by the *Daily Sketch* to Mrs. Shipman by name and that the "rigid rule" produced by Mr. Gunn was not so rigid as to restrain the *Sketch* from pub-

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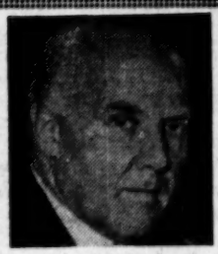

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lishing what it managed to get from the murdered man's widow before she broke off the telephone call in distress. It thereupon politely asked Mr. Gunn to come to one of its meetings to state his case or alternatively to let the Council have statements from the members of his staff directly concerned. Mr. Gunn refused and sent a lawyer to say so. He has since published a statement secured by the *Sketch* from Mrs. Shipman, saying that although the *Sketch* telephone call came as a surprise she had not personally made any complaint; and he has accused the War Office of itself drafting a letter of complaint for Mrs. Shipman to sign. This the War Office has categorically denied.

It is unfortunate, I think, that the Press Council did not at any time see Mrs. Shipman herself. But, whatever she may or may not have said to the *Sketch* ambassador, sent post-haste to see her after the Press Council issued its report, Mr. Gunn's loud indignation at an "unjust attack" comes oddly after his refusal to meet the Council. There is no doubt that the *Sketch* did telephone Mrs. Shipman when she was still prostrated by the news of her husband's murder. And even Mr. Gunn has not denied that, having managed to extract a few words from her in these circumstances, it published them. This is exactly the sort of abuse that the Press Council was set up to check. It would have been failing in its public duty if it had not taken the action it did.

That being said, there remains an issue of great public importance. When the setting up of a Press Council was proposed by the Royal Commission it rejected the suggestion that this body should be given statutory powers on the grounds that the Council would be in a position to exercise more effective influence if its authority were a moral one deriving from the press itself. This view was strongly urged by the proprietors' organisations, as well as by many, although not all, journalists. Subsequently the Commission's recommendation that the Council should have an independent chairman nominated by the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord President of the Council was rejected. And again among the most powerful of the advocates of rejection was the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, which argued forcibly that the "moral authority" of the Council and the co-operation it would secure from newspapers would be greater if it were a purely newspaper body. The chairman of the N.P.A. is Lord Rothermere. Lord Rothermere is also the chief proprietor of the *Daily Sketch*.

What then determines the attitude of Lord Rothermere's *Daily Sketch* to the Press Council as designed to meet the wishes of the N.P.A. of which Lord Rothermere is chairman? Its editor has not only contemptuously refused on this, as on other, occasions to meet the Council; but the *Sketch* has now set out in a leading article—oddly headed "The Right to Work"— what it claims are his reasons for so doing and for refusing to allow the Council to obtain any evidence from members of the *Sketch* staff accused of bringing the reputation of the British press into disrepute by callous intrusion into private grief. The reason, says the *Sketch* with a fine simulation of noble indignation, is that the Press Council is a private tribunal and private tribunals are wicked and a threat to the livelihood of the individual.

Thus it would appear that, although Lord Rothermere, the chairman of the N.P.A., is the advocate of the view that the Press Council must be voluntary to exercise moral influence, Lord Rothermere, chief proprietor of the *Daily Sketch*, holds that any influence the Council may seek to exercise is immoral because it is a voluntary body. This appears to be an excellent two-way formula for ensuring that the Council shall have no authority at all. Meanwhile reporters—or should it be those who give them their orders?—are to be shielded from any criticism, however much they may offend public and private decency, in the sacred name of "the right to work"—coupled, it goes without saying, with the freedom of the press. It seems to me high time Lord Rothermere, chairman of the N.P.A., had a private meeting with Lord Rothermere, proprietor of the *Daily Sketch*, in order to get their ideas straight. Mr. Gunn might be asked to attend the discussion himself.

The Press Council has made an excellent start as a voluntary body. It has shown itself quick not only to attack abuses by the press but to defend newspapers against improper attack. It has the support of all responsible editors and journalists in its efforts to protect both honest journalism and the public interest. It begins to look, however, as though the time has come when, if it is to retain public confidence, the bodies who constitute it may be required to consider what discipline they are prepared to exercise over their own members to ensure that it can do its job.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Greetings from a contented bachelor

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The Prisoner

THE road followed the river, brown water and yellow sand twisting together as far as the eye could reach, thorn scrub on either side of them, grey-green and dusty in the chrome-bright sunlight. The lorry pitched and bumped so much that it was hard to light a cigarette even in the cab, and in the back, where the two Askari were, and the prisoner, it must have been far worse. But outside the lorry the world was very still and quiet, like a glass bowl of light and silence. It seemed wrong to be driving through it, hot metal hammering, men sweating in their uniforms.

Gowan and I weren't too bad in our bush shirts, but the Askari must have found it hot enough, in their thick blue sweaters and webbing belts, and I didn't like to think about the prisoner, with his wrists together in their bright metal bracelets, trying to keep himself from sliding across the wooden floor of the truck.

"He's dangerous," the Colonel had said before we left. "Keep him chained, and if there's any trouble from him. . . ." He levelled his index finger like the barrel of a revolver and narrowed one eye, while Gowan and I tried to look brave and alert and capable of shooting an escaping maniac. We found it the easier to look like that because he looked so small and quiet. He was from Nyasaland, beside the lake, and his skin was black as oiled satin as far as the waist, and a shade paler where he usually wore his regulation shorts. I always used to find it strange that Africans got darker from the sun.

The sergeant-major who was handing him over to us for escort back to Nairobi turned him round, and I could see the marks where he had been beaten; fifty-two heavy welts across the buttocks, as thick as blue-lead pencils half buried in the skin. I didn't count them, of course, but I knew how many there were. We had been in action two days before, and this boy had fired his rifle and got excited at the thought of being in a battle, a White man's battle. So excited that that night he'd started the victory dance of the Yao people, shaking his rifle in his hand, his naked body shining like dark moonlight by the fire. And when the White sergeant-major told him to stop and be quiet and go to sleep he wouldn't stop; because he who had been a small boy had become a warrior, had become a man in battle, and the girls like brown flowers by Lake Nyasa would be waiting for him with their kisses. And so the White sergeant-major had beaten him. Two Askari who had grown old in service threw him down on his face by the fire and the sergeant-major beat him with a whip, which might not have been in accordance with the King's Regulations, but was, the sergeant-major considered, very good for discipline.

Evidently it was not quite good enough, because when the beating was over and the boy should have stood up and saluted and smiled a big, white-toothed smile of obedience, he spat in the sergant-major's face. They beat him again of course, but it couldn't be left at that, and the next morning the Colonel decided that he was mad, and dangerous, and must go to prison for two years, because spitting in a sergeant's face is a very serious thing. By nine o'clock that morning he was being handed over to me; naked, so that I could sign a receipt stating that he was in a reasonably good condition and also so that his clothes could be searched for weapons before he put them on.

Yet looking at him, with his downcast eyes and his hands trying to shield his manhood, I didn't think that he was dangerous. Or anyway, not so dangerous that two Askari and two officers couldn't control him without recourse to revolvers. And for four hours, driving beside the brown water of the Juba river, he had stayed quite quiet, except when the bumping of the lorry hurt his back, and then he would grunt softly, and sometimes, one of the Askari told me later,

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he cried. But I don't know if that was from pain or just unhappiness.

I tried for a third time to light a cigarette and burnt my fingers on the match.

"Stop," I said to Gowan. "Let's eat under those trees and stretch our legs." I had to shout it twice before he heard me over the pounding of the metal, but he stopped where I'd wanted him to, and we all got out, the Askari looking very stiff and important on either side of the prisoner, and the prisoner looking very small and dejected, his hands in front of him in the handcuffs. "I think you could take those off," I said to one of the Askari. "It must be very difficult for him in the truck not being able to hold on properly." And the Askari produced a key and unlocked the handcuffs with the same glassy-eyed obedience he would have shown if I'd ordered him to shoot the boy in the head. He was a fine soldier and had a medal.

Gowan and I strolled away into the trees, smoking, leaving the Askari to watch the prisoner and light a fire to make tea. "Nairobi," said Gowan. "I'm going to take a room in the New Stanley, and I'm going to sit in the empty bath and run the cold water on my feet for a solid hour. And I'm going to line up six Tom Collins on the edge of the bath and each time I finish one I'm going to pour the ice on my navel." We were going on leave and we'd been thinking of things like that for a long time.

"Toss you who takes the boy to the Glasshouse and who goes straight to the hotel," Gowan said. And we tossed a ten-cent piece with a hole in it, and he won.

On the way back through the trees I heard what might have been shouting and the sound of splashing from the river, and I started to run with a cold feeling in my stomach that the prisoner, with his hands free by my order, might have tried to escape.

But the shouting was only laughter. The two Askari were in the river, stark naked and splashing each other with the brown water, and the prisoner was sitting on the bank minding their rifles and their uniforms. Gowan was quite angry about it, but I calmed him down.

"Very good boy," the Askari said when they came out of the river. "Never run away." And the boy smiled shyly at hearing himself praised and hid his face in his hands. Anyway, where could he have run to? But Gowan insisted that they handcuff him again and so, when it was my turn to drive I drove quite slowly, avoiding the worst of the potholes in the road, and gradually the sun went down as we drove south, until it hung for a moment on the flat horizon to the west, one small necklace of clouds like black islands low down in the silk blue sea of the sky.

In the east the sky turned from silk blue to purple velvet and stars came out like coins on a jeweller's tray. We could hear zebra bellowing like lion in the distance, and a giraffe leant by, frightened by the noise of the engine and the headlights, her ten-foot baby tangling its legs behind her. A duiker leapt through the headlights, one eye red as the sunset for the instant of her leaping, and far to the south the moon was rising above Lake Nyasa and the prisoner's home.

We slept that night with the prisoner handcuffed to one of the Askari and the other Askari keeping watch, turn and turn about. I don't suppose any of the three of them slept very much, but then, neither did I. Only Gowan slept, dreaming of cold water running in a bath and six Tom Collins on the ledge. It's dreams like that that keep White men balanced, living in Africa.

Even when we reached the coast, at Kismayu, we still had a long way to go. By boat to Mombasa and by train to Nairobi. It began to seem that the five of us had always been travelling and we developed almost a corporate spirit, so that it began to seem quite right for the prisoner to be a prisoner as it is quite right for a foot to be a foot and a hand a hand. It almost stopped worrying me. After all, we were kind enough to him. Even the Askari were, once they saw that Gowan and I didn't mind. The scars healed on his back and we gave him cigarettes, and once, when I was looking after him so that the Askari could go and bathe, he told me something about his home. Mostly, I think, because I spoke chi-Yao and he liked to hear his own language again even if I didn't speak it very well. He told me about the old crocodile who lived under a fallen tree-trunk quite near his village and how it had eaten two young girls one year, and a White man with a gun had come to kill it. But he must have known that the White man was coming, the boy said, because he went away and never came back until the White man was gone. And since then he hasn't eaten any more girls. Only one piccanin who fell in the water.

And he told me about his canoe and where he had hidden it when they told him that he must go away to the army. "Do you think it will still be there when I get back," he asked me, and with the white Arab houses of Kismayu round us and the dark Arab sea spread wide in front of us towards Arabia and the Persian Gulf, it seemed very strange that he should be worrying about a log canoe on Lake Nyasa. The air was full of the Arabian Nights, and slavery and veiled women with silver bracelets on slim wrists. I thought of the long columns of prisoners who had come this way through longer centuries, from Lake Nyasa to the shores of the Arabian sea, and I felt quite pleased that I could say to him "Yes," I thought that his canoe would still be there when he got back. Or another canoe. After all, two years weren't for ever, and he said he knew they weren't, and cried beside me in the warm darkness. The Askari came back soon after that, so that he couldn't tell me any more, and the next day we sailed for Mombasa and transferred straight from the ship to the Nairobi train.

I could smell the mountains in the morning when I woke. The air was thinner and keen like a blade, and although when I looked out of the window on one side of the carriage I could still see only thorn scrub and grey-yellow sand, on the other side I could see Mount Kenya, dark green and massive as another country. A boy brought us grapefruit and thin toast and real coffee and packed up the white sheets into a brown canvas bag. It was so long since I had seen white sheets that I was sorry to see them put away. There were dark red blankets, too, soft and woolly. I couldn't remember when I'd needed a blanket last.

"See you at the New Stanley," said Gowan, when we were on the platform. "Have a nice time at the Glasshouse." And the Askari formed up behind me with the prisoner between them, eyes front, thumbs along the seams of their starched linen trousers, the prisoner's handcuffs glittering in the morning sunlight. A few people stared, and a woman laughed, and then smiled at me, because I knew her. "See you in town later," she said, "when you've dumped your wog." And a military policeman came up, his white cheeks red from the razor, to tell me that a truck was waiting for me outside. He saluted and I saluted, and we marched in single file through the loosely crowded station, left right, left right, a tight knot of nerves somewhere in my chest. Although I don't know why there should have been. It wouldn't take more than half an hour.

As a matter of fact it took less. We marched in through the prison gate, the iron doors crashing shut behind us, and for a long moment we stood lost on the edge of the prison square, the sunlight battering down on the concrete and on the white-washed buildings surrounding it. Then a new escort came up at the double, and my two Askari fell out. They didn't say anything to the prisoner, and I couldn't either, now that strange Askari were there. But he didn't expect me to. His face had gone a little grey, because I expect he already knew a bit more about the Glasshouse than I did, and he just went away at the double, with his little bundle of spare clothes slung over his shoulder.

I went into the Governor's office to get my receipt. It was cool inside. There was a big fan, and Venetian blinds on the windows, and a carafe of ice-water on the wide desk. "Have a drink?" he said, reaching into a drawer, and we sat and talked for a while, about fighting the Italians, and what cowards they were, just a lot of waiters and opera singers in uniform; subjects like that. But we didn't really find much common ground. He'd read the papers and he knew more about those things than I did. I just listened to his voice making a soft noise in the coolness, and stared out of the window at the square. And after a few minutes my prisoner came out with a black corporal, and began running round in a wide circle. He was carrying something on his head, and the corporal, who was standing in the middle of the square with a rifle at the ease position, kept shouting to him to go quicker. I could hear his voice echoing from a distance, the way a

May I ask why you two were wed when I was born?

Pure coincidence, of course, as we have no connection. In fact we differ fundamentally in temperament and appearance, and yet there is much more we have in common than fond remembrances of the year 1931, when you were happily married and I began life.

If I may say so, through your very character you lead rather a week-to-week existence, while my life—nay, my whole *raison d'être*—is based on permanence, yet I have also been re-born every week for the past 25 years.

What we both share is the earnest interest in the questions and problems of our day, and thus—though at times you might shout from your platform while I always remain calm and completely detached, because I have no axe to grind and express no opinion at all—your audience is very often also mine.

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cricket bat sounds when it hits a ball, hollow and yet quick and sharp.

"What's he doing?" I said. And the Governor laughed, and told me that he was carrying a seventy pound brick on his head. "Breaks their spirit," he explained. "Twenty minutes of that and he won't be so dangerous."

"Left right, left right," the corporal shouted, "knees up, you black swine." And the prisoner brought up his knees until they nearly touched his chin. When he came round close to the window I could see that his face was like grey blotting paper and his eyes were coming out of his head. Seventy pounds is quite heavy in that heat.

"I don't think he's dangerous now," I said.

The Governor looked official, touching the receipt with his fingers where it said "dangerous" in black and white. We had already disagreed about the Italians.

"How long have you been out here?" he asked me, and I told him just over a year.

"When you've been here as long as I have," he said, "you'll know that they're all dangerous," and he put the cork back in the whisky bottle, and the bottle back in the drawer. Outside on the square the prisoner fell down, and I could hear the crunch of the brick hitting the concrete a fraction of a second after I saw it fall. I took my cap off the Governor's desk and stood up.

"Care to have a look round the place now that you're here?" asked the Governor, rather coldly, and I said "No," I had to meet a friend. The prisoner had got up again before the corporal could reach him. He didn't run quite as fast as before, but he still brought up his knees nearly to his chin. He'd been doing it for five minutes when I left.

BRIAN CLEEVE

The Arts and Entertainment

Vaughan Williams No. 8

You can never tell in what direction Vaughan Williams will next move. He enjoys surprising his followers, and he probably enjoys surprising himself: if Louis Armstrong asked him to write a concerto, he would almost certainly accept. Some years ago, after that extraordinary last movement of his Sixth Symphony—the musical counterpart of Pascal's "Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinies m'effraie"—one might have guessed that his music, like the late works of so many composers, would become increasingly bare, bold and austere. Nothing of the sort. Since then we have had a couple of extremely down-to-earth concertos, the popular and rather charming one for Larry Adler's harmonica and a frankly absurd one for bass tuba; we have had also the *Sinfonia Antartica*. The *Antartica*, though concerned with barren solitudes, evoked these ideas by means which were neither austere nor bare—in fact, with naive reliance on a lavish Straussian orchestral apparatus, wind machine and all.

The new Symphony in D minor, performed for the first time last week at Manchester by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli, has little in common with either of its predecessors. One element, perhaps, it takes over from the *Antartica*: a continued preoccupation with what the composer comprehensively calls "the 'phones and the 'spiels." These instruments—vibraphone, xylophone, glockenspiel, tubular bells and so on—have evidently come to exercise over Vaughan Williams a peculiar, not to say unholy, fascination. In the first movement of his new symphony he flirts with this traditionally unsymphonic range of sounds, and in the finale he unloads the entire box of tricks on our heads with impish, juvenile glee.

This obstreperous finale is bound to divert attention from the considerable merits of the three earlier movements. The first movement especially, the so-called "Variations without a Theme," offers a most original and ingenious blend of variation and sonata forms; some of its sections are very beautiful, and the frequent changes of time and metre do not prevent the movement from attaining a symphonic flow and unity. It is an exaggeration to say that it has no theme; it has at any rate two or three clearly recognisable figures which are heard during the first few moments, and a later chorale-like theme (descending by adjacent notes of even value) which is not only related to one of the previous figures, and contrapuntally combined with another, but plays in the whole movement a role similar to that of second subject. These figures or thematic fragments are deployed in the sectional manner of variations, but their interrelationship is also that of the themes in a sonata movement. That is to say, there is a real dramatic opposition between them: they contend with one another, try their strength, triumph or subside. The first and most important thematic fragment, a four-note figure which consists of two pairs of rising fourths and seems to represent some principle of energy, is constantly to be heard climbing up in the bass and jockeying for position against the heavy downward tread of the other themes. It is not wholly subdued even at the central apotheosis of the chorale theme in D major; and it has the last word, surrounded—as at its first appearance—with the watery halo of the vibraphone.

The two central movements are, in turn, for wind alone and strings alone. The first, in C minor, lies on the flat side of the symphony's basic key; the second on its sharp side, in E minor and major. The wind *Scherzo alla marcia*

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had a great success with the audience, as well it might; it is a brilliant essay in the grotesque style that we associate with Shostakovich, and it includes a sentimental, tongue-in-the-cheek trumpet tune with "oom-pah" accompaniment; it is also a clever piece of mainly fugal writing which comes to an end precisely when it ought to. The string *Cavatina* is another of those lovely, though undeniably static, meditations which we have known ever since the *Tallis Fantasy*. A long-limbed cello tune spreads and grows into a beautiful web of string tone, and the movement is marked by the oscillation between a warm E flat major and a bleak E minor that we remember from the closing bars of the Sixth Symphony. The swing between these two keys has perhaps some personal significance for the composer, since we find it again in the first movement of the present symphony, and it is, moreover, implicit in the key-relationship of the two central movements. In the slow movement, by way of a rising cadenza for solo violoncello, the key-conflict comes to rest in the deep, nocturnal calm of E major.

It is the end of calm! The final *Toccata* is said by the composer to begin and end in a "rather sinister" way, but no such impression reaches the listener in the pentatonic jangle that bursts upon his ears. The Orient has dropped in to tea at Bourton-on-the-Water; Ping, Pang and Pong, together with Ko-Ko and Pooh-Bah, have joined the morris dancers and are footing it featly, up the middle and down again. It all makes, no doubt, a splendid tease of pedantic solemnity; what it doesn't make, by any reckoning at all, is a satisfactory ending to the symphony.

Sir John Barbirolli had taken immense trouble to launch the symphony, which is dedicated to him, with as fine a performance as his players could give. The wind was crisp and clean in the scherzo; the strings were rich and full; the percussion enjoyed their night out. I think the audience did too. In the circumstances there was sure to be much hearty and affectionate applause; and the symphony may well turn out to be very popular, at any rate for the first few years of its life. It is an amazing achievement for a man of 83, and its first movement really breaks new ground. In the long run I doubt if it will wear as well as the best of its predecessors, not only because of the commonplace finale but because the actual thematic material of the earlier movements, effectively and even originally as it is handled, is not in itself very interesting. The structure is always sound and well contrived, but the melodic contours are too ready to take the line of least resistance.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Twenty-five Years

I DO not remember the opening of the Sadler's Wells Ballet company in 1931, but three years later I watched the first production of *Giselle*, with Markova in the title role. I was at that time a student in the ballet school and this performance came as a revelation of the difference in standard between a first-class artist such as Markova, and the second- and third-class standards of the rest of the company. Soon after I was myself dancing in the *corps de ballet* (very third-class), struggling against the stage fright which overcomes most novices, who find that, suddenly, in the middle of a movement, they have forgotten what comes next. The other dancers sweep on while, left blank and aghast on the stage, the offender is pushed into place. Then there was the first fitting for a costume, Lilian Bayliss firmly enforcing her long-term policies: "Give that child big turnings on the bust; she's going to grow, you know." There were Dame Ninette de Valois' exacting classes and long rehearsals, when the great windows of the shabby Wells room would steam up with the heat of sweating bodies.

All this, with the lack of money, the fight to get the stage for a short rehearsal when not monopolised by the Opera, is a long way from the present sufficiency and self-confidence of a repertory that has developed into a national company. We now complain bitterly when the arms of the *corps de ballet* do not move together, when a *coryphée* muffs her *pirouette*, or when the suave faces of leading dancers are twisted by those curious little expressions of anxiety that come just before a difficult step. But in twenty-five years Ninette de Valois has raised the standard to that of a first-class company, and has so often given us the best that we have come to demand it as a right.

Last week, on the twenty-fifth anniversary, Frederick Ashton gave his *Birthday Offering*, arranged for seven ballerinas and their partners. This is a formal set of variations to music by Glazounow, with exquisitely jewelled, knee-length ballet dresses by André Levasseur. The décor consists of a sprinkling of pretentious Kensington candelabra, not at all in the same class as the costumes. Ashton has the great power of creating difficult movements that flow easily. His *pas de deux* for Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes is wonderfully elegant, so cool and complicated are the patterns, without any affectation. The seven ballerinas' solos are also sensitively appreciative of each dancer's individual quality, especially those of Fonteyn, Nerina and Beriosova.

But the star of the anniversary was Robert Helpmann, who returned to give the most startling performance in *The Rake's Progress* I have seen. The intelligence of his present interpretation of the Rake surpasses any previous one. The disintegration of early charm into drunken debauch, desperate gambling and finally ghastly madness, were acted with an emotional vitality that was never artificial and, at the end, painfully moving. Again, his performance in *Façade* as a Peruvian dago was inimitable. Mr. Helpmann had only to walk across the back of the stage and, although there were dancers working away very prettily in front, he held the whole audience. The tango with Margot Fonteyn was rightly encored. It seems a disaster that this supreme actor-dancer is lost to the ballet and seldom seen even on the legitimate stage. The Sadler's Wells ballet greatly lacks a strong male personality, and if only Mr. Helpmann could be retrieved the balance of the company would be set right.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Happy Families

"SELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control"—and self-criticism? The omission of it is as cardinal a defect in modern television as in the statelier Victorian poets. Some programmes, especially afternoon programmes and especially on ITV, seem to have been put on without any preliminary critical assessment; comics ramble through without jokes, interviewers flop about in a morass of banality, even the drilled laughter of the studio audience sounds hollow and unconvincing.

Yet there have been a few welcome signs recently of a modest growth of that capacity for elementary self-criticism which expresses itself as parody. The satirical goonery of ITV's much-praised *A Show Like Fred* has been matched by one or two BBC programmes—for instance, by *Dress Rehearsal*, in which Sylvia Peters and Mary Malcolm appeared made up as old ladies, many years hence, and an interviewer asked Miss Peters to say something that would remind viewers of those great pioneer days of television, and she, after some delicate hesitation, announced, with her pristine 1956 smile: "Normal service will be resumed as soon as possible."

Parody is particularly agreeable when it occurs in an unexpected context. On Saturday afternoon, after the Cup Final—in which the commentator seemed to me to be rather too offhand and vicariously gallant about the obviously

agonising neck injury of Mr. Trautmann—I was watching, rather improbably, *The Appleyards*.

This children's family serial is watched by many adults. I had not seen it since its recent "rest". This episode showed us the grown-up son, John, giving Mum and Dad their first television set. After the obvious broad comedy of its installation they sat down to view (a little like the man eating toffee, in my childhood, from a tin showing a man eating toffee from a tin . . .); and we, the real viewers, sharing their first experience of TV, were delighted by the subtle, not at all overdone, impersonation of a weather-forecaster, reiterating over-cheery predictions, in the usual patter, of the usual disasters. A closing gimmick was ingenious too: as the programme finished, and those taking part in it were being listed, there was a pause before the last two, Mum and Dad—and, surprisingly, we heard the familiar, sweet, chirpy signature tune of *The Grove Family* . . . and Mum said to Dad: "This is the Groves . . . you'll like them, dear: they're just like us."

So they are: though I am not sure that the Groves, with Grandma on their hands, older and testier each week, have yet solved the problem of the fugacious years so neatly as the Appleyards have solved it in the case of the Boy Next Door: as he was supposed to be only sixteen, it was inconsiderate of the War Office to blow the gaff by calling him up—but the script-writers cunningly discovered him sounding the Reveille in a Boy Soldiers' Battalion, having joined up under age; and a propaganda visit to his camp was the first item that the Appleyards saw on their new TV set.

Two entirely different techniques are used in the construction of these "soap opera" family serials. Each instalment of the Groves or the Appleyards—though most of the characters are the same—is a fairly self-contained episode, and can be enjoyed, if that is the word, as millions think that it is, even if you have missed the previous instalment. Commercial television, whose need to hold a regular viewing audience is more compulsive, shows serials whose individual instalments are almost incomprehensible if you have not followed the whole saga—for instance, the daily serials *One Family* and *Sixpenny Corner*. In the latter, particularly, there is an extraordinary, and obviously deliberate, disjointedness, even within each episode: situations and snatches of dialogue follow each other with an abrupt lack of any transitional explanation that must be puzzling to new viewers.

This disadvantage, which it is surely anomalous to regard as a form of "continuity," seems to offset to some extent the viewers' sense that it is not safe to miss an instalment: in any case, although many viewers still give the Groves, once a week, priority over social engagements or duties, there must be few viewers so wrapped up in the meanderings of *One Family* or the rather drab misadventures of the Nortons of *Sixpenny Corner*, with that hideous garage of theirs, that they are prepared to base their timetable of work and pleasure on either of these serials every day. Critics should never, however, underestimate the uncritical appetite for slush.

It is probably inevitable that daily serials should seem less polished in construction and writing and less thoroughly rehearsed than weekly or fortnightly serials. I do not always watch them, but when I do I am usually embarrassed by their diffuseness and by fluffed lines. A few weeks ago, after several minutes had been spent in a farewell that could have been disposed of in twenty seconds, one of the characters actually said: "I can't really think of nothing else to say"—words that should never be heard on any television screen.

* * *

The curse of Babel was lifted on the feast of Pentecost; and in Whit-week Eurovision will offer BBC viewers a remarkably catholic service—Protestant worship from Amsterdam, a song contest from Lugano, international soccer from Berlin, *Saturday Night Out* in Montmartre and—most exciting of all—the rounding-up for

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* * *

A line thrown away by Sir Mortimer Wheeler in last week's *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* deserves to be put on record. As he examined a pre-Christian head, whose sculptor had furnished it with moustaches as flowing as his own, he glanced down half-coyly, half-proudly, and remarked: "This is one of the two best examples I know of the way in which an emphatic moustache can redeem a somewhat intractable countenance."

TOM DRIBERG

French Farce

IT is really rather interesting and curious, the uproarious success which has attended Mr. Peter Glenville's revival of an Edwardian French farce by the prolific Georges Feydeau. In general, one might imagine farce to be the least revivable of forms; and a foreign farce should be impossible. For the core of farce consists, surely, in the social situation of the participants. It is not so much their predicament which is funny in itself as the fact that figures in farce belong to some very special group for which that particular predicament is quite unthinkable. For instance, anyone in the old days could see at a glance that Mr. Robertson Hare was just the very kind of respectable suburban householder who would have carefully organised his life to prevent himself getting into any kind of trouble; and this immensely increased the fun when circumstances were devised in which he was never out of it. Yet brilliant as the farces of Mr. Ben Travers were, we cannot imagine them revived now, simply because the whole social scheme has completely changed. How much less, then, one might think, should we find funny the predicament of a collection of the French lower middle class of the Nineteen-Tens, whose social circumstances we never were familiar with. Yet *Hotel Paradiso*, at the Winter Garden, provides an enchanting evening, at least for the sufficiently sophisticated.

Perhaps, indeed, the most skilful thing about this revival is its timing. Mr. Glenville has picked just the right moment for it. To make up for the element of the social background which we can no longer appreciate, we are given a *bonne bouche* for our somewhat over-developed pleasure in period. We are not asked to take the farce neat; and you can tell this from the choice of actors. If it were to be farce pure, Messrs. Brian Rix and John Slater would be heading the cast. Miss Irene Worth is a less obvious choice for a farcical protagonist, and Miss Martita Hunt and Mr. Kenneth Williams are high comedy performers. This is an "art" cast, and an "art" production. True farce is played in a hideous set with plain white lighting; here Mr. Osbert Lancaster adds the period comment with his witty décor.

But I do not say this in order to minimise the pleasure of a delightful evening. To enjoy an affectionate laugh at the past is part of contemporary taste. And *Hotel Paradiso*, besides being admirably directed, is what farce must always be, tightly and logically constructed—an amusingly ingenious contrivance, water-tight within its own terms. The crowning moment of Act II, when the wrong husbands and the wrong wives just miss bumping into one another in the disreputable hotel, reaches that special climax of farce when the audience so aches with laughter that they long for it to stop. But there are gaps, and for my taste they gape a little wide (i.e., the beginning of Act II). Indeed, skilfully as the piece is performed by everyone else, it would not, for my money, be quite endurable, if it were not for Mr. Alec Guinness. The rest are one-dimensionally good; he is brilliant in several dimensions. Just what it is that he contributes is one of those indefinable miracles of the artist. It is not only that he acts with every nerve-centre and muscle, so that he can play much more quietly than the others, yet with twice the effect; there are also mysterious overtones that remind us in the middle of the most ludicrous situations that he is not (like the rest) a mere predicament. He is a whole human being. This may have little to do with farce, but it is pure pleasure; and will doubtless fill the Winter Garden for many months to come.

Look Back in Anger, which joins the repertory of the English Stage Company at the Royal Court Theatre, is a remarkable piece of writing by a new author, Mr. John Osborne. His play is set on the seamy side of the Kingsley Amis world, his protagonist one of the modern self-destructive teddy-boy intellectuals, who can do nothing with his brains and education except rail against what present-day life offers him. As a play, *Look Back in Anger* hardly exists. The author has written all the soliloquies for his Wolverhampton Hamlet and virtually left out all the other characters and all the action. But in these soliloquies you can hear the authentic new tone of the Nineteen-Fifties, desperate, savage, resentful, and, at times, very funny. This is the kind of play which, for all its imperfections, the English Stage Company ought to be doing, and which those who cry out for writers in the theatre ought to support. I hope to discuss the play at the length it deserves next week.

* * *

The International Theatre Institute to which Critic referred last week is an invaluable institution. Set up originally by Unesco, it has its headquarters in Paris and brings into touch with each other workers in the theatre from every country. Associates of the London Centre can buy tickets for a monthly luncheon at which distinguished foreign guests discuss their problems publicly with distinguished English ones. The subscription is only ten shillings a year and the address is 7 Goodwin's Court, W.C.2.

T. C. WORSLEY

A Dying Fall

ONE merit of VistaVision is that—in capable hands—its large, precise background can be used to effect. It is so employed in Hitchcock's *The Trouble with Harry* (at the Plaza). The red-gold of woods in the New England fall takes one's breath away: how slow, by the way, are film makers to take advantage of things a mere English reader has known for years! Hitchcock, at any rate, does grasp this beauty and give it to us in great handfuls, shot after shot, like draughts from a Keatsian ode. But, of course, at the heart of mellow fruitfulness, is a tickle of fear: twigs snapping, a shot, a shout—three shots; and then there, among the wonderful leaves, lies Harry. We see him at earth level from the shoes end, much enlarged: trust Hitchcock to find the sensational angle. And afterwards when the shoes come off—being required by a passing tramp—he reveals blue and red socks. Others are involved, or think they are: an old riverside captain out shooting rabbits, Harry's unsorrowful young widow, her painter beau, an ageing love-bird who has been mysteriously assaulted, the absent-minded doctor—who comes along reading a book, trips over Harry and passes on without even a glance. All the while glowing autumn spreads about us, from woods to fields in the sun, shirt-sleeved ease, tea on the verandah, lakes and hills in a blue distance. The synopsis sheet neglects to mention the name of the composer, but he has strengthened this idyll with music of a grave charm. The whole film is enchanting, and for the first time in his career—in his own mellow fall—Hitchcock reveals a touch of poetry. The delicacy with which he combines his landscape with a grim-farcical plot, keeps it void of offence and rippling with fun, manages old sentimentalities and a love-affair that is really young and fresh, would be scarcely believed by anyone remembering his last film with its empty Riviera smartness. Three cheers for the fat magician; who, by the way, neglects to put in his usual appearance—or was I far too preoccupied to notice it? *The Trouble with Harry* manages to be beautifully funny in its minor key: as for example *The Lady*

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Killers, trying for an urban Arcadia crossed with shadows, was not. The acting of a small cast delights equally. Edmund Gwenn is more than usually endearing; Mildred Natwick deliciously tempts him with blueberry cakes; and Shirley MacLaine, as the charming couldn't-care-less widow really has charm—more than has come to us from feminine Hollywood for many a year. I would go again to *The Trouble with Harry* for her alone; but in any case Harry with his blue-and-red socks has found a life-long addict.

Of the two films at the Academy, Lorenza Mazzetti's *Together* has already been seen at South Bank and welcomed by me—I was most disappointed that at this press view it was not repeated—and the other is Juan Bardem's *Death of a Cyclist*. This is a bitter, tense, stylish piece, which starts from the situation of two rich discontenteds who run over a cyclist and drive on; but for all its merits visual and dramatic, more of its urgencies seemed to get lost than a language I couldn't follow (Spanish) accounted for. Attacking artificialities it is itself artifical: sometimes, as in the contrasting backgrounds against heads, very strikingly; at other times (the loud secret discussion in an art gallery with bowed visitors passing and re-passing), touching on interior moods it never explores. Still, this is a film worth seeing, and its writer-director is still young enough to improve without sacrificing his feelings.

Good news from the Everyman: Carné's *Le Jour Se Lève* has survived being bought up, cribbed, and destroyed, and here is the original back again, a masterpiece of tense narrative, which employs its flashback with fugal effect. The Northern line should be crammed with pilgrims.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Peter Watson

BEFORE the war, the distinguished, sensitive, rich, generous and handsome young man who collected artists and their works around him at his attractive apartment in the Rue du Bac, was something of a legend. Peter Watson with his perfectionism, his beautiful birdlike elegance, his sympathetic involvement in a great many other lives and works, might well, a generation earlier, have provided the model for a Henry James hero. Under his lightness and hospitality, there was an insistent sadness, a capacity for suffering deeply for those he loved, and his passionate crusading for modern art was tinged with a deep pessimism about modern life. He was the most delightful of companions with whom to travel and see things; but he could also be disturbing. His enthusiasm was undermined by his lack of hope for the future of the values about which he cared.

He will be remembered as a most discriminating collector who chose works by some of the best living artists when they were unknown, and supported others through periods of struggling difficulty. It is characteristic of him that although a great collector, he had no "collection." He was unacquisitive, and took no pride in possessions. Everything he did, he did for love of work or of people. Amongst the things he did was to help found, and to pay for, *Horizon*: a magazine—the last of its kind—which had the aura of entirely personal values. The Institute of Contemporary Art he also helped found and manage. He did as much to help the staff there in their needs, as the artists exhibited.

Peter Watson's death seems like the extinction of the last of a rare, disinterested, pure and questing human species. No other patron was so individual, so non-institutional: even the word "patron" seems wrong from him—perhaps a better word would be friend. He helped all and everyone—whatever his calling—who asked him, and many who did not. He will be remembered as a person whose love for beautiful things was matched by his love for people simply as themselves. No one asked less for fame; no one is likely to be less easily forgotten by those who knew him.

STEPHEN SPENDER

Correspondence

SOCIALISTS AND COMMUNISM

SIR,—I am in wholehearted agreement both with the argument and with the conclusions of G. D. H. Cole's striking article on Socialists and Communism, and I am glad that my own report on Poland appeared in the same issue. What is happening there confirms Cole's plea that western Social Democrats should be prepared to do some radical rethinking. During the Stalin period, when the Communist bloc was really monolithic, monolithic anti-Communism was an intelligible attitude for western Socialists to adopt. But, since the 20th Party Congress in Moscow, miraculous changes, of which I saw a glimpse, are taking place in the Communist world. Communists and Socialists with whom I talked in Warsaw convinced me of one thing: how far and how fast this process of liberalisation goes in countries like Poland depends, partly at least, on the attitude of western Socialists. If we remain implacable cold warriors, the changes will be that much more difficult.

Why on earth should Socialists refuse to believe their eyes? Why should they say stubbornly that they *know* that a Communist dictatorship cannot be modified in the direction of liberty, when all the evidence shows that this is just what is happening? I have come back from Poland convinced that it is vital to re-establish contacts with the Labour movements of eastern Europe—at first, no doubt, as Cole suggests, on a personal basis. If only each member of the Labour Party National Executive and the Shadow Cabinet could share my experience, I am sure that they would agree.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

House of Commons.

SIR,—G. D. H. Cole's moving plea for a lowering of ideological barriers between Socialists and Communists seems to me to rest on a confusion between what is accidental and what is essential in the conflict between the two movements.

He attacks the recent statement of the Socialist International as if it had revived the ancient quarrel between the followers of a gradualist and parliamentary road to Socialism and the advocates of violent revolution, and he rightly points out that the choice of gradualist or revolutionary means is bound to depend on national conditions rather than on preconceived doctrine. But that statement is not, in fact, concerned with the alternative of reform versus revolution; the democratic Socialists of the West do not dream of regarding, say, the revolutionary Socialists of Burma as "beyond the pale," nor do they object to the use of revolutionary force against fascist dictatorships. The crucial test of a democratic Socialist is not whether he would cling to parliamentary methods in all conditions, but whether he regards democracy or one-party dictatorship as the proper form of government for building a Socialist society.

Mr. Cole makes it clear that he is as profoundly opposed to the one-party state—created, as he rightly stresses, by Lenin himself—as are the authors of the statement. But he apparently fails to perceive that the creation of centralised parties as instruments for seizing and exercising a monopoly of state power forms the very essence of "Communism" as it has existed since Lenin's time—before, under and after Stalin.

That is the Communism with which Socialism has "nothing in common." For Socialists do not only believe that the essential instruments of production ought to be "used *in the service* of the whole society," but that their use should be *controlled by society*—which is impossible without free discussion of alternative policies and freedom to organise in their defence. Again, the difference is not between old forms of parliamentary democracy and new forms of "Soviet democracy"; it is between decision over the heads of the people by a self-appointed "vanguard of the working class" which knows what is good for them, and decision by the people themselves, choosing among alternative programmes represented by alternative parties. Where state power is dictatorial, Socialism in the sense of genuine social control is strictly impossible.

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All this is not to deny that temporary dictatorships may play an economically progressive—not a "Socialist"—role in certain under-developed countries; Kemal Ataturk has been a famous example. But even in such countries dictatorship becomes an obstacle to the ultimate achievement of Socialism once it is glorified as "true democracy," and erected into a necessary principle—as Communists invariably do.

The only thing, then, that Socialism and Communism really have in common is a belief in some form of state planning as a vehicle of economic progress; but that much they have in common with most modern forms of government, including fascism. Yet nobody knows better than Professor Cole that Socialism has arisen not simply as a movement to organise economic progress but as an attempt to use this progress in order to preserve and extend our basic heritage of human rights in the upheavals of the industrial age. The consistent practical denial of these Socialist values by Communism since Lenin's day, embodied in such measures as forced collectivisation, mass deportation and the labour camps, must surely outweigh purely verbal agreements about the "rejection of exploitation" or the "welfare state."

But Mr. Cole now sees the recent repudiation of Stalinism as "leading on towards a return of democracy." This, though in my opinion improbable without further major crises, is not impossible; but if it should happen, we shall no longer be confronted with the same historical phenomenon which has borne the name of Communism for the last 40 years. I have no doubt that the leaders of the Socialist International would willingly revise their attitude in that case. Until then, the totalitarian power bloc centred on the Soviet Union remains the biggest obstacle to the extension of human freedom and the growth of true social control, noticeable in most free countries in recent decades, so that it is dangerously misleading to talk of Socialists and Communists "combating their common enemies."

RICHARD LOWENTHAL

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SIR,—Professor Cole's theory on the ideological affinity between Socialism and Communism—as regards public ownership, welfare state, equality and the workers' function in the society—is entirely out of touch with realities in the Communist-dominated countries. State ownership in a dictatorship, instead of serving the whole society, has enabled the centralized and monopolistic state power to grow to an extent not known in the western countries. Socialists are pledged to resist monopolies, and they oppose them all the more resolutely in the countries under Communist rule where the danger to individual liberties has become a reality. This they can do (by means available in a police state) not in collaboration with the Communists but in the sharpest opposition against the Communist regimes identified with this "new despotism."

The concept of welfare state is rejected by the Communists as "Social Democratic reformism," one of the most serious deviations from the Communist doctrine. Equally the Communists, when in power, denounce claims for more equality as "petty-bourgeois egalitarianism"; their attitude to the principle "Fair Shares for All" is not much different from that adopted by the British Conservatives. They believe in "the creative function of the working class" in the same way as Taylor or Ford, with the important difference that they have achieved less in terms of productivity. In fact, under Communist rule the workers have lost all their political rights, and the first steps towards industrial democracy were abolished once Communist power had been firmly established.

VILEM BERNARD
Secretary.
Socialist Union of Central-Eastern Europe.

SIR,—Mr. Harry Pollitt has succeeded in stirring up something very like class conflict inside his own party. This feat he has achieved by his remarks at the recent Communist Congress to the effect that only the "intellectuals" among party members are disturbed by the revelations concerning events during Stalin's twenty years of personal rule, and want to discuss their implications, whereas the "workers" are indifferent, regarding the whole matter as irrelevant to their tasks as Communists.

The reaction of the rank-and-file to this statement has not, curiously enough, taken the form of indignant protest by working-class party members against the slander on themselves. On the contrary, the implied incitement to reach for their spanners, so to say, and give those egg-heads a bashing, appears to have been widely and enthusiastically taken up.

If British workers who are Communists are indeed unconcerned about tyranny and injustice in the Socialist countries, and interested only in improvements in material conditions which have been made there, this suggests that they must be singularly unrepresentative of the British working class as a whole. All who know Britain can testify that the incidence of cynicism and callousness is, in point of fact, far less among her working people than among other social strata. During the nineteen-thirties, though a few intellectuals were fascinated by Hitlerism, the workers of Britain were little impressed even by Hitler's abolition of unemployment in Germany. What made and kept them anti-Nazi—after the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact no less than before—was their hostility to the Gestapo and all that it stood for in German life. A growing suspicion, now confirmed from the best of sources, that something of that kind existed in countries under Communist control, too, was what (more than anything else, perhaps) has kept them away from the Communist Party here.

It is worth recalling, incidentally, that when the British Communists had their "line" on the war changed for them at the end of September, 1939, it was the ex-boilermaker Mr. Pollitt—then still close to the moods and feelings of the British proletariat—who felt such grave qualms that he gave up his party job for some months. The party leader who, without batting an eyelid, came out at once with a pamphlet explaining why the war was a bad one, after all, and ought to be stopped forthwith, was that veritable High Brahmin among intellectuals, Mr. R. P. Dutt.

In the early and middle nineteen-thirties the Communist Party recruited extensively in the universities, with important positive results for itself in a variety of fields. Since, however, the "great purge" trials and related developments in the U.S.S.R. (together with the official explanations that were given of these matters) began straining the credulity and consciences of civilised people, there has been a fairly steady drift of professional men and women out of the party and a falling-off in its influence in opinion-forming circles. This has been associated—partly as cause and partly as effect—with increasing obscurantism within the party. An attitude towards intellectuals has grown up which is oddly reminiscent of that of Wilhelm Weitling, the arch-proletarian "professor-eater" of the eighteen-forties, towards Karl Marx; and rarely does it meet with Marx's brisk retort that "ignorance never did anyone any good." Those intellectuals who have remained within the party have felt themselves becoming prisoners in its framework and have grown more than reluctant to bring their colleagues into contact with it, let alone ask them to join, knowing as they do that they would soon find they must leave their minds outside. And whatever changes may have begun in Russia, Poland or such places (not so long ago the models to be copied in every particular), there are deeply entrenched forces in the British Communist Party determined to keep things that way, no matter what the cost, and to use any sort of cheap demagogy and inverted snobbery to this end.

MARXIST.

STATE SECURITY

SIR,—The difficulty of reconciling civil liberty with any system of State security is admirably, if unintentionally, illustrated by Benn Levy's last letter.

In his previous letter he trounced the Privy Councillors responsible for the "monstrous innovations" which he alleged were contained in the White Paper. To relieve the fears of your readers I felt it my duty to write to you stating that this allegation was misconceived, and that none of our recommendations adversely affected existing civil liberties.

I went on to say that if we are to have a security system at all, some restrictions of civil rights were unfortunately inescapable, and I invited those who objected to supplement their indignation with practical alternative procedures. Only one has been advanced in the subsequent correspondence—Benn Levy's suggestion that an aggrieved civil servant should have a further right of appeal from the existing tribunal to one consisting of Privy Councillors. But these are the very people he so sternly denounced a month ago for their White Paper suggestions. The wheel has indeed turned full circle. Yesterday's violators of civil liberty are in future to be its guardians.

GEORGE STRAUSS
House of Commons.

ROGER CASEMENT

SIR,—Perhaps because of the late hour at which it was made, an extraordinary and highly significant revelation concerning Roger Casement and the Asquith Cabinet of 1916, which was made by Mr. Montgomery Hyde during the debate on the adjournment, on the evening of Thursday, May 3, has almost entirely escaped notice in the daily press.

I quote from *Hansard*. Mr. Montgomery Hyde is reading out the terms of a hitherto secret memorandum, written by the late Sir Ernley Blackwell, legal adviser to the Home Secretary of the day, and circulated to the Cabinet at that time:—

> A copy of the Memorandum of July 17, 1916, has come into my possession and it might be of interest to the House if I read it:
>
> "Exercise of the Prerogative on the ground of insanity.
>
> "Casement's diary and his ledger entries covering many pages of closely typed matter, show that he has for years been addicted to the grossest sodomitical practises.
>
> "Of late years he seems to have completed the full cycle of sexual degeneracy and from a pervert, has become an invert—a 'woman' or pathic who derives his satisfaction from attracting men and inducing them to use him. The point is worth noting, for the Attorney-General had given Sir E. Grey the impression that Casement's own account of the frequency of his performances was incredible and of itself suggested that he was labouring under hallucination in this respect. I think that this idea may be dismissed. I believe the diaries are a

faithful and accurate record of his acts, thoughts and feelings, just as they occurred and presented themselves to him. . . . No one who has read Casement's report to the Foreign Office on the Putumayo atrocities (at a time when his sexual offences were of daily occurrence), his speech from the dock . . . his private letters to friends . . . could doubt for a moment that Casement, intellectually at any rate, is very far removed from anything that could properly be described as insanity.

"His excesses may have warped his judgment and in themselves they are, of course, evidence of disordered sexual instincts; but they have not, in my opinion, any relevance in consideration of his crime, such as drunkenness, sexual excesses, jealousy, revenge, provocation, etc., have in the case of crimes of violence. . . ."

In a second memorandum, Blackwell concludes:

"So far as I can judge, it would be far wiser from every point of view to allow the law to take its course, and by judicious means, to use these diaries to prevent Casement attaining martyrdom. . . ."

This (1) Shows that the Asquith Cabinet was asked to take a cold-blooded decision as to whether it was preferable to denigrate Casement by means of his diaries before or after his execution; (2) Shows that the chief legal adviser to the Home Office of that day had no doubt as to the genuineness of the diaries; (3) Shows that the British Government of that day *did* use the diaries as weapons against Casement; (4) Shows that the decision so to use them was almost certainly taken at Cabinet level, and was not (as contended, for example, by Admiral Sir William James in his recent book) something decided on their own responsibility by Basil Thomson and Admiral Hall.

The putting into the record of this remarkable document takes us a very long step forward, and serves to make a mockery of the position, already barely tenable, of the Home Office.

RENÉ MACCOLL

PLATO AND OXBRIDGE

SIR,—I am most grateful for Mr. Newton's very useful letter, but I am not satisfied. What he called "Plato's limitations as an educationist" still seem to me far the biggest issue. Plato's main doctrine (in *Republic* and *Laws*) was in effect "Little boys mustn't tell lies, but (in a good cause) their seniors may." This is the doctrine which lurks behind the attitude revealed by Crichel Down, the intentional deceits and evasions sometimes practised in Parliament by responsible Ministers (have not these increased lately?), and the special sort of "character training" practised by some schools (I fear increasingly) which has a recipe that can be stated. Plato explained this doctrine as bluntly as Hitler did, in St. 389 and elsewhere. I am not, of course, saying that Oxbridge gave us Plato and the result was Crichel Down. What happened was more complex, but Cornford makes it clear. Plato in defeat fell into a trap which has caught many good men; the trap of supposing it may be right to create suitable impressions by intentional lying. Where Oxbridge went wrong was in being seduced by Plato's charm into forgetting that his whole spirit was dead against the only purpose which justifies even the existence of an ancient university; an inexpugnable resolve to tell the truth regardless. I am sure Dr. Davis has this; but I have my doubts about Lawrence. He was perhaps the only great poet who could light fires and wash up with striking efficiency; he was in some ways the greatest modern master of English words; but had he not something of the taint of the character-trainer-with-a-recipe?

The first time I ever met entirely disinterested truth-telling was at MacTaggart's lectures on philosophy in Trinity in 1921. I did not happen to accept much of what seemed true to him; but he taught me the one thing needful for an ancient university.

"Education and the University" seemed to me to deal with something of great, but not the greatest, importance. On the greatest issue, Bloomsbury and the Oxford Philosophers are among the chief allies of Dr. Davis and of all good dons. They did not and do not deceive intentionally. Keynes's posthumous memoir, of the friends and the spirit so bitterly attacked by Lawrence, leaves me the clear impression that I could sometimes trust Lawrence not to deceive me intentionally, but that I could always trust Keynes and Moore (and Forster and Russell and Ramsey and Wittgenstein). Equally I can trust the "Oxford-philosophy intelligentsia" to tell me what seems to them the undoctored truth. When I say I can trust some one I do not mean I have to agree. I mean I am sure I have not got to watch out for tricks.

I still hanker to know more of what Mr. Newton meant about Mr. Cyril Connolly and Miss Raine and the "atrocious London University system." I'm not playing tricks, either. I really don't know.

Totnes, Devon. HUGH HECKSTALL-SMITH

CHINESE ART

SIR,—Mr. Willetts in his review of Sickman and Soper's *The Art and Architecture of China* remarks that the older generation of western historians of Chinese art leaned heavily on contemporary Chinese scholarship. He adds that "the opposite view has been so confidently aired by Mr. Peter Swann in a recent letter to the *Manchester Guardian*."

My object in the original letter was to refute Mr. Rewi Alley, of Peking, who was trying to support palpable impossibilities of Chinese art published by a central European country. Since Mr. Rewi Alley did not seem to like western authorities, I quoted a Chinese work where he might learn a little more about Chinese bronzes.

Past generations of Chinese scholars have made a great deal of information available to the west where it has been eagerly worked on. In those years co-operation between east and west enabled us to make considerable advances in our knowledge of China's magnificent art. Now, however, although we hear of great discoveries, new sites, finds more important than anything hitherto unearthed, etc., very little on a sound scholarly basis seems to seep out.

The studies of western historians, some of whose names he quotes, have been of major importance in our knowledge of Chinese art. Without the enthusiasm and labours of the collectors and museum men whom Mr. Willetts seems to scorn, we should be very much the poorer. Perhaps Mr. Willetts could match in Chinese the labours of Siren in Chinese painting? What kiln sites have been scientifically excavated by the Chinese? What study on Chinese sculpture can compare with those of Mizuno and Nagahiro in Japan? Where are the Aurel Steins of China? And where are the collectors with the knowledge and stature of Sir Percival David, Sir Herbert Ingram and Sir Alan Barlow to mention only a few?

I should have thought that in this vast field there was room for both and a need for the co-operation of both east and west. PETER SWANN

Indian Institute, Oxford.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

SIR,—My letter to THE NEW STATESMAN a fortnight ago was extremely brief, but evidently not brief enough for your sub-editor. The omitted lines have importance, however, and run: "*The Twentieth Century*, also mentioned by Rayner Heppenstall, is of course liberal with a small 'l' and not with a large one. We are not connected with any political party."

I might add, now, that I personally have never been connected with any political party, subversive or otherwise. BERNARD WALL

The Twentieth Century. *Editor.*

[The sentence which Mr. Wall quotes was cut from the end of his letter for the convenience of fitting on page proof. Since he attaches importance to it, we are printing it now. We of course accept an assurance that he was never connected with any political party.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WILLIAM ARCHER

SIR,—I am writing the biography of William Archer, the dramatic critic, translator of Ibsen and playwright, and should be grateful for any information your readers can provide. Any letters, press cuttings, articles, reviews and other material which may be forwarded will be copied and speedily returned. Particularly required are personal reminiscences and anecdotes regarding Archer and records of any productions of his plays.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Kingsley Martin
LOW

The Orchestra

NEVILLE CARDUS once told me that editing a paper was like conducting an orchestra. A nice idea, but musical conductors do not have to compose as they go along, nor do they rely on the principal performers who have highly individual notions of the score. Clifford Sharp, the first editor of the *New Statesman* was, of course, chosen to conduct a Fabian symphony; his contributors, including the reviewers, were anonymous exponents of different aspects of the same collectivist theme. Similarly the Liberals, who started the *Nation* in 1907, thought they were doing a party job as supporters of Campbell-Bannerman. But the score did not develop that way. By 1922, H. W. Massingham hated Lloyd George so much—and so expensively—that even the wide generosity of the Rowntrees dried up, while Sharp became enamoured of the Asquith entourage, and turned the Socialist *N. S.* into an anti-MacDonald organ.

In 1930 Keynes and his friends of the *Nation* decided to use the opportunity of my appointment as editor of the *N. S.* to seek a merger of the two papers. It was a genuine partnership, but the *N. S.* had the better of the bargain; it had a much larger circulation than the *Nation*, and the immense advantage of a manager, John Roberts, who was of quite a different calibre from any who had formerly run the business side of a weekly review.

My own contribution, as it seems to me looking back today, was chiefly high spirits, a quality lacking in the previous papers, and much fortified three years later when Gerald Barry's paper, the *Week-end Review*, folded up and handed on to us its This England column and its famous competitions. I was a political hybrid, a product of pacifist nonconformity, Cambridge Socialism, Princeton, The London School of Economics and the *Manchester Guardian*. Always a poor party man, I combined in myself most of the inconsistencies and conflicts of a period which tried to reconcile pacifism with collective security and the defence of individual liberty with the necessity of working with the Communists against Fascism. I was always fascinated by the ideological conflicts; I used to explain them in the Diary and hope to reconcile them in the leading article. I was also interested in many things that were not political, such as gardening, cats, people, foreign countries, chess, sex problems, prisons and the passing scene in the villages of Little Easton and Charing Cross. No wonder that Beatrice Webb, who thought that the *New Statesman* should be a serious organ of Socialism, decided to dub me a "flibbertigibbet." She was quite right, and if I had known that she had so christened me in her diary, I would have signed my Diary Flibbertigibbet instead of Critic.

Before his death Clifford Sharp gave me two pieces of advice. The first was not to remain editor for more than ten years. The second, was to remember that "influence is style." I knew enough about journalism anyway to realise that no paper succeeds by politics alone and that no paper is worth anything that isn't well written and has not a serious purpose. People buy newspapers for entertainment and the same subjects entertain the readers of *The Times* and the *Daily Mirror*, even though there is considerable disparity in their treatment.

I was unmoved by people telling me that they "only read the back half of the paper," beginning with the familiar small adverts about Unitarians and cockroaches and working back through the competitions and reviews. I guessed they were becoming secret *New Statesman* addicts and mentally compared them with people who are forever running into the pub just to buy cigarettes. Nor was I fool enough to follow the advice of many people who thought that the literary side of the paper ought to square at all points with the Socialist doctrine of the editorials. The literary and art criticism might perhaps be a descant; it could never be an accompaniment. Brilliant writers must have their heads; we should be lucky indeed if we could persuade the political contributors to keep as high a standard of writing as that demanded on the literary and artistic side by people like Desmond MacCarthy, David Garnett, Raymond Mortimer, V. S. Pritchett, G. W. Stonier, Eddie Sackville-West, T. C. Worsley, Janet Adam Smith and John Raymond. Nor must I forget Robert Lynd who, as Y.Y., contributed every week for about a quarter of a century an article which was neither wholly literary nor political, but a superb Lamb-like essay about life.

It was as much as I could do to get any kind of harmony into the paper's politics and economics. The second issue of the new paper contained J. M. Keynes's famous proposal for a revenue tariff. In the economic crisis of 1931 the economists were quite literally at sixes and sevens: it was said that whenever six economists came together there were seven opinions, two of them Keynes's. The world today has forgotten how monstrous a blasphemy it was for a Liberal economist to advocate a tariff of any kind, and in the weeks that followed we printed page after page of furious protests from economists, bankers and every sort of Liberal. Some 2,000 subscribers, mostly old readers of the *Nation*, withdrew their subscriptions, alleging, in that autumn of "National Government" and "equality of sacrifice," that their motives were economy and patriotism; they were balanced by rather more than 2,000 new subscribers who may have been neither richer nor less patriotic.

It was a difficult overture for the conductor. Sir Hubert Henderson, a former editor of the *Nation*, wrote me a magisterial rebuke for my irresponsibility in suggesting that perhaps after all it would save trouble if we did fall off the Gold Standard. I learnt a lesson from this incident. True, I knew nothing about the Gold Standard, but I had a hunch that when a very great many, very important pundits all agree that something very terrible and mysterious will happen if we depart a hair's breadth from orthodoxy, the time has come to say "Oh, Yeah?" Ever since then it has been a function of the *N. S. & N.* to blurt out that the Emperor has no clothes. It is surprising how many people come round to agreeing with you once you have pointed out the obvious. I've seen this work with obscene literature, hanging (H. W. Nevinson wrote a magnificent article exposing its nonsense in one of the first issues of the paper), Royal soap opera, laws about homosexuality and other subjects on which silence commonly protects the crust of convention. Anyhow, my hunch about the Gold Standard turned out correct and our heretical views about deflation and National Government established us as a reliable enemy of the Establishment. In the main battle for a Socialist cure for unemployment there was no serious conflict between Cole and the Socialists on the one hand and Keynesian Liberals on the other.

The fascist effort to conquer Europe dominated the Thirties. There was a constant stream of refugees to be helped when possible and there were even occasional chances of working for someone's release from a concentration camp. To defeat the Franco revolt and thereby stop either Mussolini or Hitler spreading their power and creating world war became the main object of all progressive politics. It was this that created the popular front as a matter of practical fact, even when it had no organisational basis. Doctrine would never have persuaded the rank-and-file of Labour to work with the Communists; still less would it have induced high Tories like the Duchess of Atholl to throw in their lot with the left. Too late Winston Churchill came round to seeing our national interest as allied to those of Negrin's Spain. On the Spanish issue, and indeed in the whole battle against Hitlerism, no one wrote so splendidly as H. N. Brailsford. But we were a team; Sagittarius wrote at the top of her form each week; we published a stream of left-wing political pamphlets, and though Brailsford and Cole (who has written for the paper almost every week from its birth) were too "left" for Keynes, there was substantial unity among us.

Keynes was not a regular contributor, but he tried out his ideas in the paper. Once he wrote a majestic defence of appeasement with an implied rebuke for our war-mongering attacks on Baldwin. A few months later he came out with a plan for collective security as if the idea were a novelty, blandly explaining that he owed us an apology but had omitted it from the article because it spoiled its artistic unity. He made no complaint when in March, 1938, the week that Hitler seized Austria, I wrote that as a last hope of preventing war (as Leonard Woolf was privately urging on the Labour leaders) the Labour Party should accept Churchill's leadership, rearmament and all, and seek, with all the risks involved, the grand alliance with Russia that might still stop Hitler. I called the article "Five Minutes to Twelve," and gave it a banner headline on the front page. The occasion of this departure from the convention, followed then by all weeklies, of printing topical notes on the front page, was luckily chosen. *The Manchester Guardian*, I believe, made an equally good shot when, for the first time in its history, it indulged in a double-column heading in announcing in June, 1914, that an Austrian Archduke had been assassinated.

Bombs banished private doubts and public hesitations. Two campaigns stand out particularly in my memory. The first was a series of articles Ritchie Calder and I wrote on the condition of air-raid shelters in the East End. These articles had something to do with Herbert Morrison's appointment as Home Secretary. He himself told me that Winston Churchill asked him every time they met whether he had cleared up the shelter scandal we had exposed. (Herbert proved a good Home Secretary, both in the matters of Home Defence and Civil Liberties.) Another creditable incident was our onslaught on the internment of the German refugees in the Isle of Man in the summer of 1940. Dick Crossman, who had been working with the paper increasingly closely since 1936, and who became a member of the staff in 1939, opened a campaign in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION denouncing the folly of locking up those who could be our best-informed allies in the anti-Nazi struggle. The campaign succeeded, and when Crossman was in charge of the British side of German propaganda in S.H.A.E.F., he had as his colleagues many who were released from the Isle of Man. Ritchie Calder also became lost in the secrecy of political warfare, while Aylmer Vallance, who was Liaison Officer between the War Office and P.W.E., kept us judiciously informed on the military side. The Censor, who knew this quite well, said we were the one paper which would never accidentally give away any secrets because our military correspondent knew

which were the things that must not be said, or even hinted.

Our interest in war aims made us a favourite paper with refugees, who hoped to translate into reality our war propaganda for Socialist unity in Europe. An interview with some Yugoslav prisoners, which we published in 1944, was, I was informed, translated and read to Tito's men in the woods; they learned for the first time that there were western Socialists who supported them in their double fight against the Chetniks and the external enemy. During the war we printed smaller and smaller on worse and worse paper and trebled our sales. Norman MacKenzie, invalided from the R.A.F., joined the staff and H. J. Laski became more closely associated with the paper during the war. He fought with increasing power to impress the minds of soldiers and factory workers with the idea that they would have a unique chance when the fighting stopped to create an England of social justice. That this appeal was effective nobody who watched the election of 1945 will doubt.

From the beginning of the war we had insisted that the test of the sincerity of our war aims was our readiness to concede freedom to India. The old colonial powers went on fighting in the name of democracy to maintain their domination of nations which they had conquered in days when they were not ashamed to call themselves imperialists. Because we fought the battle of resistance to imperialism during the war, and because there were nationalist groups powerful enough to maintain their independence against both their new fascist and old imperial conquerors, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION found itself with a larger and grateful readership in all the emergent nations.

In 1942, leaving Leonard Woolf in charge, I spent six weeks in the U.S. Henry Luce was proclaiming the American Century and Henry Wallace countering with the Century of the Common Man. I came back with several convictions about the hopes and principles which, it seemed to me, might reasonably make the basis of post-war policy. The first was that there was no solution to any world problem, including the problem of Germany, unless America, Britain and Russia could maintain after the war the alliance which was going to win it. "One world," as Wendell Wilkie was just then proclaiming, could not any longer be avoided; the alternative was chaos. The second was that we need never fear that America would return to isolation; her fingers were now in so many pies that whatever the temporary trends, America would play a decisive part as a world power. Thirdly, it was clear that the politics and economics of the post-war world would largely depend on how the U.S. spent her surplus, whether the ideas of *Life* magazine or those of Henry Wallace won through.

In the long run, all this implied some form of world Socialism. Of course, if the Russians insisted that everyone was wrong except Lenin, while the Americans became imperialist, then a third world war would indeed be inevitable. Hope lay in both blocs modifying their dogmas.

These basic ideas have dominated post-war NEW STATESMAN AND NATION thinking. Roosevelt's death seemed a tragedy on the eve of the San Francisco Conference because almost alone in America he seemed to realise the paramount need of some agreement with the Soviet Union. The worst of all omens was the discovery at San Francisco that the Russians, who had agreed to a "reconciliation" conference, had arrested the sixteen Polish delegates who had been promised safe conduct. There were worse blows to follow, culminating in the Czech coup of 1948. The two events which we welcomed most warmly were Marshall's original Harvard speech announcing a plan for using America's surplus, not for military purposes but for economic reconstruction, and Tito's breakaway from the Soviet bloc. These same principles also explain why we welcomed the Chinese revolt against the most corrupt of semi-colonial regimes. By the same token we were able to support all the Labour Government's domestic programme, but we inevitably fell foul of Ernest Bevin's foreign policy. His statements before he took office were inspiring. But in a matter of weeks he was calling Foreign Office officials by their Christian names and they were quietly boasting that he was the easiest of all Foreign Secretaries to handle. He was terrified of the Americans leaving Europe. He seemed to expect the Red Army to march across Europe and missed the real struggle in countries which were rising against colonialism. Mr. Attlee, to whom personal credit is due, was just in time to save catastrophe in India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon. Mr. Bevin could not see the same spirit elsewhere and he allowed within himself the birth of an anti-Semitism which led to the betrayal of our one firm ally in the Middle East to whose support the Labour Party was absolutely and unreservedly pledged. He seemed to regard the Russians not as a great power with whom above all we must reach some *modus vivendi*, but much as he regarded a bunch of Communists trying vainly to shout him down at a political meeting. In combating Mr. Bevin and in criticising, perhaps sometimes with too much asperity, the policy of the Pentagon, which was always talking in terms of war, we earned a reputation for anti-Americanism, though we had in fact the close support and friendship with many American liberals who stood firm during this dangerous period of reaction.

Looking back over this quarter of a century, I recall plenty of errors and a few bad wobbles. But our general ideas seem to me to have been right and in May, 1956, quite a lot of people who denounced us not long ago seem to be coming round to our way of thinking. It is now common form that the West must coexist with the East and that war would be suicide; top American leaders blandly say things they would have called Communism two years ago; in the Soviet zone, victims of the purges, including many Social Democratic friends, are being released from jail in countries where what was denounced not long ago as Titoism is now orthodoxy. As for the Communists here they are now absurdly falling over themselves to confess their error in following the *Daily Worker*. This agreeable trend following the death of Stalin will not of course continue in a straight line; it may be no more than an interlude of comparative sanity. This would be a matter of indifference if I could take what Bernard Shaw wrote to me in the very darkest period of the war. "An editor," he wrote, "must never let the news upset him. . . . He must be as good a judge of news as a licensed victualler must be of liquor; but he must remember that a public house will kill its keeper if he drinks and that a newspaper will kill its editor if he cannot announce the day of judgment without turning a hair. . . . To the born editor news is great fun, even as the capsizing of a boat in Sydney harbour is great fun for the sharks." Coming from that incorrigible and lovable old sermoniser who was, even less than I, capable for a moment of standing aside from the battle, such advice was sheer cheek. But his final admonition was good for me and for any left-wing paper and I accept it as a motto for the future. He ended: "So again, steady, boys, steady, to fight and be conquered again and again."

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Thoughts on the Staggers and Naggers

I AM not sure I ought to be a guest at this celebration. Twenty-five years ago, I was not a friend of either bride or groom. I never contributed a line to the old *Nation*, and the closest I came to it was when, one afternoon in the early Twenties, I saw Mr. Leonard Woolf in the office and he suggested I should write a piece about what merchant sailors were reading. I replied truthfully—but I believe, mildly—that the subject did not interest me. Mr. Woolf told a friend of mine, just after this encounter, that he thought I was going to knock him down. And years later, when we sat opposite each other at directors' meetings of this paper, I seemed to catch a speculative look in Mr. Woolf's eye. Perhaps he was deciding that I couldn't have knocked him down; and if so, he was right. The truth is, my face went on the stage in its teens, and has been playing in bad melodrama ever since. It knocks people down when the rest of me is wondering how to escape.

The closest I came to the *New Statesman* in the Twenties was when I visited Poland as a guest of the government, and Clifford Sharp, then editor, was with us, heading the huge fantastic binge. Over quadruple whiskies and vodka by the quart, Sharp set us right on all subjects, talking in crisp paragraphs, almost bringing out a new issue of his paper every forty minutes. After several interminable banquets, with toast lists that included everybody from George the Fifth to the assistant harbourmaster of Gdynia, Sharp vanished. I was told afterwards that he had been flown to some special clinic, examined for this, that and the other, and then given all manner of treatments. And then as suddenly as he had disappeared, he reappeared among us, pink of cheek, clear of eye, alert of mind, ready to talk innumerable paragraphs and short leaders on all subjects. But for the Poles, who had so neatly restored him, he had nothing but a wave of dismissal. "Not an efficient people," he told us. "They'll never run a modern state properly." Such a judgment at such a moment, at once monstrous and insufferable, courageous and shrewd, was not untypical of Sharp and his paper, the *New Statesman* of thirty years ago.

At that time and for some years later, Gerald Barry was my editor—an uncommonly good editor he was too—and my weekly pieces went into the *Saturday* and then the *Week-end Review*. I joined the *Saturday* contributors too late in the long career of that weekly to have any special affection for it; but the *Week-end Review* I loved throughout its brief bright day. I was essentially a *Week-end Review* man, and might almost be said to be still writing for it, occasionally helping it through that Great Turnstile. Experts of the weeklies, old review hands, tell me it was never a really solid job, never taken seriously in the House and the political clubs: it was not sufficiently well-informed. But what it lacked in these departments, it more than made up for in other parts of the paper, where Gerald Gould, Ivor Brown, Earle Welby, L. P. Hartley, and the rest of us, had our say. The specialities of the house were good writing, wit and zest. Every number was the gay Last Stand of the brilliant broadbrow, himself a doomed type. But its spirit was never entirely quenched. It haunts one part of High

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Holborn like a will o' the wisp. It could make no marriage, this *wunderkind*, but it was adopted by the happy pair whose nuptials I ought now to be celebrating.

In the Thirties many of us felt that the *N.S. & N.* was like a pantomime horse played by two men who had quarrelled. This difference between the Socialist front half and the æsthetic back half has often been noticed; but I happened to suffer from it more than most. Nearly everything I wrote was praised on the fourth page only to be denounced on the twentieth. On one floor of the editorial office I was nearly a hero, and on the other I was a vulgar fraud. Against the adverse criticism of the boys upstairs I sent letter after letter of passionate remonstrance, only to be told by the editor that all this abuse was really an indirect tribute to my size, importance, grandeur, a proof that I was a man well worth denouncing and insulting. Shortly after I became a director of the paper, I was foolish enough to write something faintly derogatory about a series W. J. Turner (that fine poet) was editing. At once the enraged Walter Turner slammed in a letter telling the world that for years I had been notorious for my conceit, arrogance, refusal to take any criticism—a V2 of a letter. "Abominable, I agree," said the editor, "and of course we wouldn't have published it if you hadn't been a director."

Let us consider this editor before saluting the paper itself. I find three layers in him. There is first the brisk superficial optimism that surprises people who meet him for the first time. Below that is of course an inky depth of pessimism in which lurk Disaster and Total Ruin, waiting to emerge at the hour of doom. But deeper still, among subterranean fires, is a core of unconsidered and unrealised optimism, where the essential self of our editor is having a hell of a good time. I have known this man off and on for more than five-and-thirty years, since I first saw him, a young Cassius, in the hall at Magdalene sitting at the feet of Graham Wallas; and I repeat that his essential self has a hell of a good time. He enjoys living here and now as few of us do. Let him protest as much as he pleases, this is his age: he might have bespoke it. I remember his arriving some years ago for a weekend at my house in the country, loping in, ready for anything from table tennis to toccatas, with fire in his cavernous glances; and he announced almost at once, as if bringing a great treat for the whole family, that we were probably within twelve hours of total, final, utterly ruinous war. Millions of men would be on the move, the air would be darkened by bombing planes, he declared, making a damned good lunch. By the time he was ready for coffee and a cheroot, western Europe was a smouldering ruin. Can you wonder that at the time when we were losing everywhere from North Africa to Singapore, his paper's circulation was taking the most prodigious leaps in the history of our weekly journalism? It had zest and guts.

A maddening, intolerable, insufferable paper! Of course. We often hear people say they would not have certain things given them. And how rarely they mean it! But the man I heard at the club meant it when he said he had begged for no more issues of this paper to be sent to him, because he hated to think that it was in the house. I understood him; I sympathised with him. But I knew too that he had decided to start the retreat from life, to take himself out of sight and sound of the dusty glaring arena. His favourite periodicals from then on would be nothing but programmes for memorial services. He had given up the fight for the good life. Of course I believe that hardly anybody who writes regularly in these columns understands what the good life is. Whereas in the Thirties I disagreed with one half of the paper, now I disagree with both halves. When I have the energy to fight my way in here, I do it to denounce everything the paper is commonly supposed to stand for. But after all, it stands for me too. I have had more quarrels with this paper than with any other, and I would rather write for it, rather read it, than I would any other. It is maddening because it reminds you of things you don't want to be reminded of. It is intolerable because it chooses topics long before they are respectable and cleaned-up for the leader writers. It is insufferable because it keeps nagging away like a decent man's conscience. It is in fact not unlike the opposite partner in a sensible lasting marriage. Which brings me—and very neatly too, if you want my opinion—to the silver wedding we are celebrating.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Changing the Climate of Opinion

WHEN the editor asked me to write about the NEW STATESMAN as an educational force in the Labour movement a story jumped out of the back of my mind. It is said that some years ago a distinguished member of the Shadow Cabinet during a visit to Austria was received by the aged Socialist President. As Dr. Renner rose he noticed that his visitor's eye was caught by a copy of the NEW STATESMAN lying on his desk. "Yes, I never miss that splendid Socialist periodical," he remarked genially. "It keeps me in intimate touch with the British comrades." At this point his guest reddened as though slapped on the face, and after a few minutes the interview was cut short by the curtest of goodbyes.

This anecdote tells us most of what needs to be said about the normal relations between the official leadership of the Labour Party and Great Turnstile. Lord Attlee and Mr. Morrison differ on most things; but I have heard each of them, when particularly rasped, express the view "the NEW STATESMAN does the party nothing but harm"; and the realisation that outside this country it is widely read and appreciated as a vehicle of British Socialist ideas has only increased the sense of irate injury. More recently among a younger generation of shadow Labour ministers it has become the fashion before condemning a particularly objectionable paragraph of Critic's Diary, to remark "Of course I stopped taking the paper months ago. Nobody who matters reads it now."

The foreigner who is unaware of the tangled emotional nexus which joins British politics to British journalism is naturally baffled when he hears such comments. Indian and African intellectuals (many of them now Ministers of State) who derived most of their political philosophy from the works of Harold Laski and Kingsley Martin are inclined to reveal their bewildered distress. Even American Liberals, though they regarded the NEW STATESMAN'S premature anti-McCarthyism with shocked dismay, have told me how much they regret the absence of any similar institution in the United States. When they pick it up, they are not shocked by its disloyalty and irresponsibility. On the contrary they feel at home with a periodical which owes allegiance to no one except the editor, and they regard it as an achievement that a left-wing weekly can be a commercial success.

The reason for this difference is clear. In the United States, the press is accepted by the politicians as the Fourth Estate, whereas it is still treated at Westminster as the bastard progeny of John Wilkes—a member of parliament who ruined a good political career by getting mixed up with Grub Street. Despite the advent of popular democracy, the institutions which comprise our establishment have retained the oligarchic traditions of the eighteenth century—none more so than the Labour movement. Political authority and political wisdom, it is held, reside in a political *élite*. This *élite* is the sole representative of public opinion, and the press is excluded from it—apart, of course, from *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Economist* and, until quite recently, the *Spectator*. It is within this select circle that responsible discussion of politics takes place, and those who raise their discordant voice outside are dismissed either as cranks or as popularisers until in due course they are admitted to the club—and sing in tune.

The success of the NEW STATESMAN as a political weekly is that it has remained an outsider and only sung in tune when it felt inclined. This success seems to me to rest on two things. First, by its successive mergers with the *Nation* and the *Week-end Review*, it achieved what is tantamount to a monopoly position in its own field. Secondly, it recognised that left-wing politics are digestible only if they are coated with a thick sugar of arts, entertainment and book reviews, not to mention "classified ads" which enable the superior reader to assure his Tory friends that he always starts reading at the last page and works backwards. As a result of this editorial formula and the commercial success based upon it, the NEW STATESMAN was able to remain independent of the political establishment. It has neither had to come to terms with the Right, which reads it with detached curiosity, nor with the Labour Party, which is infuriated by its detachment. Since its only loyalty is to its readers, the only treason it could commit would be to conform. The editor of the NEW STATESMAN should always be expecting to receive a bowl of hemlock from the leader of the Labour Party with the charge that he has corrupted the youth. And he should always be ready with that Socratic reply, "We are both seekers after Socialism but there is a difference between us. You think you know what Socialism is. I know I don't."

There are many Socialists who believe that the NEW STATESMAN should have played a much more positive role. When ideas are in such short supply, should it not have provided the Labour Party with ready-made planks for its platform? I myself when I first joined the staff at Great Turnstile before the war held this impatient view. I was anxious to see the paper reshaped as an instrument of political education. But having seen the fate of the Left Book Club—which attempted just this—I am not so sure. Victor Gollancz and John Strachey preached a Socialist doctrine, campaigned for a united front against Fascism and poured out a stream of practical guides to Socialism, most of which now stand unread on our topmost shelves. Frenzied by the crisis of the 1930s, they tried to use the Left Book Club in a direct attempt to re-educate the Labour movement from below. Their organisation was superb, and their shock effect on the younger generation was very great. But their political manoeuvre was easily defeated, and its protagonists inside the Labour Party expelled. All that remained in 1945 was a vague mood of leftist militancy.

I have referred to the Left Book Club because it is often cited as providing in the 1930s the kind of political education which we need today. Those who say this are guilty of nostalgic distortion of

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history. If we want to transform the Labour Party into a Socialist party—or, more modestly, to ensure that the next Labour government adopts some Socialist policies—it will not be done by the shock educational tactics of the Left Book Club. Political education in the true sense is a long-term affair, and consists in changing the climate of opinion in which the politicians live. It can best be done by those who care about political ideas but do not share the loyalties, ambitions and frustrations of practical politicians. It was Tawney, Cole, Laski and the Webbs who created the climate of 1945; and I do not myself believe that either Laski or the Webbs added to their influence by occasionally stepping off the side-lines. In the end it was Keynes, who had nothing to do with the Labour Party, that most deeply influenced the policies of the Labour government.

In so far as the NEW STATESMAN has influenced Socialist politics it has done so more by changing the political climate than by any of its specific crusades or campaigns. Its achievement has been to build up an informed readership sympathetic to the Labour Party but suspicious of its leaders, sceptical of their excuses and entirely devoid of the kind of loyalty which requires the good party man to defend his side all the more when he knows it to be wrong. The typical readers are the schoolteacher, the technician, the editor, the manager, the don, the scientist. They care about politics, but not to excess, and all of them are more interested in ideas and causes than in party polemics. Some of them indeed are quite likely on any issue to accept the NEW STATESMAN'S judgment against that of the Shadow Cabinet.

Of course this detached, critical friendliness is the attitude which party managers most detest. "He that is not with us is against us," they believe, and the more the two big parties come to resemble each other, the more they insist on separating the sheep from the goats. No wonder they feel that the NEW STATESMAN does nothing but harm when it blandly questions whether they really know what Socialism is; when it publishes reports on the United States or on the Communist world which do not square with the party line; when it demands that they should do things which they would like to do but can't do for unmentionable reasons and when it blames them for actions which are as unavoidable as they are indefensible. Here is the inherent contradiction between Socialist politics and Socialist journalism. The leader of the Labour Party must have a sense of where the centre of the party is at any time and get to that position with what dignity he can. The editor of the NEW STATESMAN must have a sense where Socialist ideas are moving, and his proper position will usually be well outside the circle drawn by the practical politician. Socialist politics is the art of the possible; but Socialist journalism must demand the impossible until a climate of opinion is created in which it becomes possible at last.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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Clifford Sharp, the editor, Jack (now Sir John) Squire, the literary editor, and Desmond MacCarthy, the dramatic critic, were of course there; also Shaw and, I rather think, S. K. Ratcliffe. After that I went fairly often to these Tuesday lunches to which more than once only Sharp, Squire and I came. Meals with the Webbs always had a hard, metallic, sombre brightness, but the *New Statesman* lunch had a peculiar grimness of its own. This was mainly due to Clifford Sharp, who insisted on discussing "subjects" and "situations" in the abstract and not as potential copy for the *New Statesman*.

I was never on the staff of the *New Statesman*, but Sharp asked me to come and suggest an article to him whenever I thought I had a good subject, and Jack Squire sent me enormous packages of "war books" and books on foreign affairs for review. I therefore saw a good deal of the inside of that curious, poky, little newspaper office in Gt. Queen Street. It was dominated by the editor. I acquired an affection for Clifford Sharp, but it was the kind of affection which one sometimes gets for an old, mangy, bad-tempered, slightly dangerous dog. One is rather proud of being among the few whom he will with a growl allow to pat him gingerly on the head. Sharp had been trained as an engineer, and it always seemed to me that he brought to human relations, to politics, to journalism the attitude of the engineer, of a sanitary engineer or super-plumber. When he stood in his room—he was nearly always standing—listening to what one had to say, there was an atmosphere about him of intellectual Jeyes' Fluid, moral carbolic soap, spiritual detergents—to such an extent that one sometimes had the illusion that he himself smelt strongly of soap and his room of disinfectants. Temperamentally and fundamentally he was a conservative of the Rule Britannia, Disraelian, 1878 vintage; but he was also, as the Webbs used to point out with quiet enjoyment, a collectivist. Indeed, collectivism and drainage—material or spiritual—were the only things Sharp believed in. He liked to think of himself as the hard-boiled tough, without sentimentality, without illusions, without emotions—the realist and no damned nonsense; and his face, particularly the eyes and nose, which always made me think of a hooded falcon, helped him to sustain this character. In fact he had the sentimentality of those who make a fuss about being anti-sentimental.

He was a first-class editor within the limits which he prescribed for his paper and his contributors. He knew what he wanted said and he got it said in the way he wanted it said. He thus gave the *New Statesman* a very marked character, an air of highly efficient political plumbing and sanitation. His editorial limitations were shown when he would not print Shaw's articles even when they were signed. As a beginner in journalism, I found his methods rather disheartening, until I came to know him better. He was one of those editors who believe in keeping his contributors up to the mark by a liberal use of cold water (perhaps another instance of his sanitation complex). When I nervously went to suggest an article to him, he would make me say what I proposed to write and then for five or ten minutes pour buckets of icy water down my back. When he saw that I had become sufficiently despondent, he would say brightly: "Well, Woolf, you may as well go off and see what you can do. I don't say it won't make an article." I think he always did take the article and occasionally I even got a word of unexpected praise.

In my experience, the literary side of weekly papers is almost always the exact opposite of the political, and the *New Statesman*, all through its glacial period, was no exception to this rule. To go from Sharp's room into Jack Squire's or Desmond MacCarthy's was to step from a refrigerator straight into a sun logia. Here you could be sure to find good company, endless talk, and plenty of laughter. Squire as Solomon Eagle, and MacCarthy as Affable Hawk, each gave to the literary part of the paper an individuality as strong as Sharp gave to the political; and the cheerful and charming urbanity of the literary editors, so different from the toughness of the editor, spread all over the last half of the paper.

I cannot end my reminiscences of the primeval *New Statesman* without a word about the short interregnum between the editorship of Sharp and the editorship of Kingsley Martin. During the interregnum C. M. Lloyd sat in the editor's chair and I used to go in and help him with proofs and odds and ends. Mostyn Lloyd deserves to be remembered as having done a great deal of good work for the paper. When you knew him you found him to be a charming man. He was

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congenitally pessimistic—possibly because of ill-health—but even his pessimism had its charm and seemed to fit the *New Statesman* at that time, when someone is reputed to have remarked about it that Lloyd grumbles, Martin snarls, and Woolf bites.

The atmosphere of the *Nation* was always very different from that of the *New Statesman*. During the 1914 war I occasionally wrote an article for the *Nation* under Massingham. When Brailsford became editor of the *New Leader*, in 1922 I think, Massingham asked me to take his place on the *Nation*. This meant writing every week a political leader and some notes. On Monday morning I used to go and see Massingham in order to decide what I should write about. The editor, the spacious office in Adelphi Terrace overlooking the river, the staff, the atmosphere, were all a complete contrast to Sharp and Gt. Queen Street. Massingham was a brilliant editor in so far as, without writing very much himself, he was able to distil the essence of a very strange personality into every crevice of his paper. He was an emotional sentimentalist but with a small central hard core of toughness. When I went to him of a Monday morning, he usually began by talking about something unconnected with a potential article. Then he would drift into the most violent abuse of Lloyd George, against whom he had turned, and of Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*. His language was remarkably foul and his charges against them fantastically lurid. After a while, he would ask me whether I had thought of a subject to write about. I would suggest one and explain what I proposed to say. He rarely said much himself, but was always very appreciative and encouraging. I used to go away in good spirits and write an article which, when I read it through, I found to my astonishment was written not in my, but in Massingham's, style.

The atmosphere of Adelphi Terrace was extremely friendly, civilised, and distinguished after the bleakness of Gt. Queen Street. Unlike the *New Statesman* of those days, it had a remarkable staff of writers whom one continually met on the premises. Hammond, Nevinson and Hobson all wrote regularly and H. M. Tomlinson was literary editor. They were all humanists and made good company at a *Nation* lunch. But it lasted, for me, a very short time. Suddenly one day Massingham told me that he had been "given notice" and that the paper would be sold. After a period of short and painful indecision the *Nation* was acquired by a group of which Maynard Keynes was an important member. Hubert Henderson became editor and I became literary editor. It was a queer revolution, for the *Nation* of Keynes and Henderson was again completely different from the *Nation* of Massingham and the *New Statesman* of Sharp. Unlike Massingham and Sharp, Henderson was not a natural journalist, nor a born editor. He had an absolutely first-class Scottish logician's brain. Right or wrong, he could always defeat anyone—even Keynes—in any argument on any subject. But his victories were logical and academic. His leaders on politics and economics were extremely able and much admired by Liberals, but it may be that they were a symptom, if not one of the causes, of the rapid decay of the Liberal Party and of political liberalism during the nineteen-twenties.

I resigned the literary editorship of the *Nation* a year of two before its marriage with the *New Statesman*, and I cannot therefore say anything about its last days as an independent paper under the editorship of Harold Wright. But before I end this article there is one thing which I should like to say because it is never said about the history of weekly journals. All through the history of the *New Statesman* and the *Nation*, as I knew them, there has always been a secretary to the editor, a woman, who played an extraordinarily important part in the fortunes of the paper. Mrs. Mason of Sharp's *New Statesman*, Miss Crosse of Massingham's *Nation*, Mrs. Jones of Henderson's, all deserve to be mentioned when one is praising famous men and women. Without Mrs. Mason, Sharp's *New Statesman* would never have survived, for, when Desmond was literary editor, there would have been too many blank pages. Mrs. Jones played the same kind of part on Henderson's *Nation*, and as for Miss Crosse she was the dominant figure in Adelphi Terrace. Indeed, when I got my *Nation* on Saturday morning and read my article in it, I used often to think that we were all—Massingham, Tomlinson and I—under a delusion, that it was Miss Crosse who had really edited and written the paper, including my own article.

LEONARD WOOLF

The Mantle of Clive

ONE evening in July, 1945, I happened to be travelling in a rail-motor from Simla to Kalka. Of the two dozen passengers, only three of us were Indian—and as was prescribed by the unwritten law of the times—we were sitting apart from the English. Half-way down the serpentine mountainous route, the rear wheels of the coach came off the rails and we had to wait two hours on the lush green of the Himalayan hillside. Sometime before this incident, a rail-motor had been ambushed and some English officers had been killed. Although the perpetrators of the crime turned out to be professional dacoits with no political aims and were subsequently hanged, incidents on the line had acquired a sinister aspect. It did not surprise us that the English officers examined the fishplates or that their families eyed us suspiciously. When the sun went down, while we strolled up and down the line in the silvery moonlight listening to the cicadas and the distant roar of the stream, our English companions returned to the derailed coach with two of them mounting guard on either side. When we joined them, they were listening in to the B.B.C. announcing the results of the general election in England. The way the two groups received the news of the final announcement of a Labour victory was significant. The English, who had probably voted in the election, made their comments in polite whispers. The Indians, who, even if some of them had a university vote, were not likely to have cast it, leapt out of their seats congratulating each other with much hand-shaking and back-slapping. We should have liked to shake hands with our English co-passengers; but this sort of thing was not done and in any case the Labour victory meant more to us than for them. For us it meant that friends of Indian freedom had won in England and full independence was only a matter of time.

The full implications of the Indo-Anglian alliance in the Indian freedom movement have never been properly presented. The active association of thousands of English men and women in the crusade against the imperialism practised by their own government is a phenomenon unique in the annals of history. It did not happen to the same extent in any of the other colonial powers like France or Holland, and therefore the consequences of freedom in India were vastly different from those in Indo-China or Indonesia. Also, since it was in India more than in Pakistan, Burma or Ceylon that the freedom movement flourished, it was India that attracted the anti-imperialist Englishman and this paved the way for future collaboration based on good-will.

British participation in the Indian freedom movement was as old as the movement itself. All shades of political opinion in India had their counterparts in England. Gandhism had Lansbury, C. F. Andrews, Dick Sheppard, Reg Sorensen, Agatha Harrison and Horace Alexander; it was steadily supported by the Quakers and the *Manchester Guardian*. Mr. Nehru had his backers in the official Labour Party of Attlee, Stafford Cripps and Pethick-Lawrence, and with it the more dynamic left represented by Harold Laski, H. N. Brailsford, Kingsley Martin and the *New Statesman*. There was always keen British support for Krishna Menon and the India League. The left wing of Congress had its Socialist supporters in people like Maxton, Ellen Wilkinson and Fenner Brockway. Communists in both countries were closely linked together, appropriately under the leadership of an Anglo-Indian, Palme Dutt. There were writers like E. M. Forster, Edward Thompson, G. T. Garratt, and many not as well known. More important than all these were the many Englishmen and women who supported the civil disobedience movements in India. There was also Dr. Besant, President of the National Congress, and her Theosophist colleagues, Dr. Arundale and B. G. Horniman. Then there were younger men, friends and acquaintances of Indian Communists and terrorists, like the three Englishmen accused in the Meerut conspiracy case. They proved to the extremist section of Indian opinion that many English people were on their side and thus took the edge off their hate. Many young soldiers and officers during the Second World War refused to join exclusive clubs and fraternised with Indians. India's decision to stay in the Commonwealth was therefore dictated by two main considerations: the influence of Mahatma Gandhi and the personal friendships of Indian leaders and individual English people—from the friendship of the Nehrus for the Mountbattens down to the Singhs and the Smiths.

One has to meet only a few Indian civil servants to discover that their language awakens memories of a voice now stilled—the voice of the late Harold Laski. The influence of this one man on generations of Indian students, who in turn shaped the destinies of India, was quite remarkable. The desire to seek approval and sometimes guidance continues, and for that approval and guidance a surprisingly large number of Indians now turn to the columns of the NEW STATESMAN. It is the one English journal which since 1947 has continued to give unqualified support—sometimes for reasons more sentimental than coldly objective—to the Nehru government's stand in international affairs and its conduct of affairs at home. It can be said that from the English side the NEW STATESMAN is perhaps the strongest bond that now holds India to the Commonwealth.

Strange, is it not, that the empire built and bullied into submission by the Colonel Blimps should in its new incarnation as the Commonwealth have to rely for its sustenance on a journal which was its bitterest critic, and that the mantle of Robert Clive should thus descend on the shoulders of Kingsley Martin!

KHUSHWANT SINGH

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The Back Part

THERE is a front and a back: so it has always been, with weekly reviews as with pantomime horses; this political, that literary; and as the hind legs—or one of them—during twenty-odd years, I still wonder over a muffled existence that could rise, when need be, to a waltz, a gallop, a leap over hurdles. So often we—the inside men—seemed amicably stepping off different ways; yet there we'd be, week after week, ready, panting for the walk-on.

In 1931—but I had come in several years earlier. Irresistibly, my mind slides back to the time formative for the back part as for me. Dickensian indeed had been that past in Great Queen Street. There was about Clifford Sharp, a formidably gifted man, not a little of Miss Havisham. Something had *struck* him: what I couldn't (aged twenty-four) then guess; and have since been unable to determine. He received me—out of nowhere—in the tall, squeezed building with a sort of faded worldliness, pressed upon me (as though I had come expecting it) a book about termites, and the article I wrote, packed with my knowledge after reading the book, secured me the job of assistant literary editor at £2 a week. His grey, rather fishy eye had discerned in me an adherent of Golden Common Sense.

My immediate senior was, of course, Desmond MacCarthy; but he wasn't there. I sat in a tiny room at the top of the thin, dusty office, looking out upon Ancient Lights and listening to the strains of musical comedy that floated up from the hump of the Kingsway Theatre.

For several days I sat, listening, looking and composing a Shorter Notice to which I contributed five lines a day. At last Desmond appeared. With him were Maurice Baring, who bowed to me with respect, and Belloc, who did not. They conversed in the room across the landing; or rather Desmond conversed, with the necessary, kindling pleasure of one who is about to put words on paper, and his topic was the period atmosphere of the Sherlock Holmes stories. "If we can't," he exclaimed, "have genius, let us have saturation." A silence—to my attentive ear—followed. He was writing. Messengers came and went. The elegant pen scratched on.

After a week he noticed me—"Ah, Stonniay"—and after a few weeks more he was gone. Divine Carelessness had finally clashed with Golden Common Sense.

Sharp and I (does this today seem possible?) ran the paper for several months. He did not believe in wasting words, and would come into the office about tea-time and I would leave soon afterwards, to go off and plan a Shorter Notice on Evolution. He thought Natural Selection no explanation at all, and I thought so, too. But while I obeyed this strange master, even at times trying a glass of John Jameson because he believed in it, my devotion was to the invisible Desmond, whose articles—two a week, one the Books in General page, and the other on Drama—would arrive with thrilling unpunctuality on a Wednesday. Connolly and Quennell had been introduced by him shortly before he left, and he and they (and I playing a lurking role) set the literary tone. Sharp used to brood balefully over the Connolly review of New Novels and underline in red ink words, sentences and whole paragraphs of which he disapproved. It was my task to pass off that mastery of psychological assault and the lyrical snob phrase as a new manifestation of Common Sense.

This was the background of the modern NEW STATESMAN—the scene of the wedding, whose anniversary we celebrate.

In 1934 we moved to a large light building overlooking the trees of Lincoln's Inn, with a new editor, new features and contributors taken over, first from the *Nation* and three years later the *Week-end Review*.

In 1935 Raymond Mortimer took over the literary side. We shared Desmond's influence, and hoped to be, if not so gifted, more competent. One of our first acts was to go and take tea with Mr. Michael Sadleir: this was to be the initial step in a campaign of "meeting publishers," though I don't remember that it went further. We did (every literary editor's fond dream) make our reviews more up to date; we tried to get specialists to write better; we printed poems by Auden, stories by Pritchett, reviews (when we could get them) from Cyril Connolly. Raymond upheld an extroverted U-taste in the arts, I was non-U and introvert.

Our room was at the end of a corridor, next to the editor's. We were thus very close. There, beyond the frail wall, reigned or raged policy, drama: as it seemed to us, a stream of visitors from disturbed quarters of the world, long telephone conversations over long distances, voices raised, the poltergeist laugh (Claude Cockburn's would start a whole machinery of rusty pumps going), the table thumped, the chair thrust back. Before we knew it, on a sunny afternoon, crisis would be upon us—upon *them*, rather, while Raymond would sit hunched, dabbing at his article with a feverish eye for wrinkles, and I would recline in an arm-chair safeguarding the eternities with a stack of galleys or MSS that had collected in a tray. This arm-chair—which had once been Massingham's—was the only one in the office, and we prized it with the instinct of Blake's "Damn braces, bless relaxes."

How different was this second editor from the first! Being so near and friendly he would try *rapprochements*. A more sociological approach? More space for science? Reviews still lagging a little? (This was where a small twist of the knife might be felt.) Raymond enjoyed argument, while I introduced into the basement a ping-pong table on which—later, during the war—the editor, I and others would fight battles from which a cry of "Messenger!" would send us running upstairs, he to piece together a London Diary, I to pursue a resemblance between Kafka and Dostoevsky. Sometimes, relapsing into Massingham's chair, I would drop off, having developed a faculty for judging whether the secretary's footsteps were hurrying towards me or the more urgent door on the way.

Probably it is as well that advanced views in politics rarely coincide with a fresh feeling for the arts. The Leftist in one tends to be a die-hard in the other. Political thinkers come tired to literature (I remember Brailsford delighting, not in Auden, but in Mary Webb); and on the other side, that secret aim of every writer—*à faire rêver*—has only tangential relations to the better world. Connolly, a literary Bevan, undermined the Middlebrow—who may well have been the front half's most faithful reader.

Here duty calls, there pleasure spreads. A weekly doesn't alter much in its cat-and-dog, androgynous appeal. With a big circulation the literary department has grown, it keeps a floor to itself and a secretary, several desks have regular attendants. A slight harassment (which Raymond and I found stimulating) seems to have disappeared under smooth running. But the real change came with Desmond's going, and with him the single personality, the rule of charm, the last-minute squeak of ink on paper.

I notice, by the way, that the editor now has a *sofa*—whatever trend that may signify.

G. W. STONIER

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The World of Angus Wilson

IT is "our life" (says one of the characters in Mr. Angus Wilson's brilliant and ambitious new novel*), that lies between ourselves and reality. *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* is a novel about the conscience as it worries two generations of a middle-class family whose ample money comes out of steel and whose brains have gone into the academic world and popular politics. The title comes from Lewis Carroll who noticed—and who with better reason?—that the attitudes of the Anglo-Saxon were peculiar; they are formed by an incalculable mixture of going one's own gait and contorting oneself in the gymnasium of the English moral sense. Morally the English are liable to picturesque outbursts of self-deception: being intelligent, they are very conscious of this and if this is decadent it is also very interesting. When they say (as they have often said during the last thirty years), "What right have we to judge him or her?", they know quite well that they are going to be led to awful questions, the conundrum of the greater or the lesser evil, the blandishments of the wider view, and so on. The countrymen of Lewis Carroll and George Eliot are born worriers; the relieving thing about them is that they are also an awkward squad, bad at drill, prone to brutal jokes, underhand tricks, romantic sensuality, poker-faced wangling and the smug exploitation of lucky accident. Show me a Puritan and I will (thank God) show you a rogue. At the back of the lives of Mr. Angus Wilson's characters there is a dirty Anglo-Saxon trick—scabrous, silly, but rich in moral provocation. What more could we, who live on moral tension, desire?

As far as his novel is concerned, this angry practical joke is a useful device. It is full of symbolism which is a bore, but it has enabled Mr. Wilson to begin with some excellent comedy about academic life among historians and archæologists. As far as the general theme is concerned this joke is no more than a Gibbonian footnote—at least, I hope no more is intended. When the novel opens in the present day, the historians can still be set quarrelling about the discovery of a phallic object which was found in the coffin of the Saxon Bishop Eorpwald when he was dug up in 1912. It has not greatly disturbed the layman to suppose that Christians may have lapsed into paganism: after all, pagans had already lapsed into Christianity. But the Eorpwald discovery had sent one poor scholarly lady out of her mind: she connected it with Baltic trade and, thence, fatally, to the "wider view". There is more than a hint that the original discoverer, the eminent Lionel Stokesay, became very odd afterwards and certainly morally senile. He began to talk like Ramsay MacDonald. The probability is that people who take the wider view are covering up.

In the opening chapter of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* we are to understand that the Eorpwald row has died down and that it remains open only in the minds of cranks. On the other hand, the central character of the book, Gerald Middleton, a sixty-year-old historian who was Lionel Stokesay's disciple and his son's friend, becomes suspiciously irritable when the subject is reopened. For him, it reawakens what he is least inclined to examine: the errors of his life, the failure to go the full length of his talents, above all the failure of his will. He is a true Anglo-Saxon: he has a romantic sense of failure as well as a romantic sense of success. (I am not sure that Mr. Angus Wilson is with us here.) At any rate, Mr. Middleton thinks—and so does Mr. Wilson—that he has sacrificed reality or truth to "his life." For Middleton has the strongest reasons for suspecting that a serious fraud was committed by Stokesay's famous, destructive, sadistic and short-lived son at the time of the discovery. Middleton has kept silence in the interests of the old man's reputation. Moreover, Middleton's great love was for the younger Stokesay's wife. Romantic situation! In these terms, Middleton's silence is a symptom of his general moral guilt and weakness, which make him accept a bad marriage instead of a difficult love; which force him to prolong the marriage for the sake of his children whom he nevertheless alienates and who are not going to respect him later; which drives his mistress to drink while he plumps for urbanity, compromise, rational marital arrangements, the limitation of his talents, intellectual indolence and picture-collecting—which is unbecoming in a scientist and a scholar. (Puritanism will out: enjoyment of the arts by people with private means is morally suspect.) Middleton is saddled with money as well and has really bought his way out of his troubles—as many do who have no money—and now, at sixty, isolated by his habit of refusing life, he is left to look back upon the ruins of his life and to see his children infected by his mistakes. In the end, he gets a second chance. Or, rather, he makes it for himself. It is not a chance of reconciliation or of love—that is too late—but of acting with moral courage and of asserting his will to the full—when he's old enough to command with authority in any case.

The Gerald Middletons, the liberal humanists of the professional class, with their nineteenth-century inheritance, have been the victims of a good deal of sceptical inquiry since the Thirties. They have been made symbolic figures, sometimes satirically, sometimes tragically, of a fundamental error. Mr. Wilson, I am glad to see, is more generous. He does not over-encumber Gerald Middleton with symbolism nor does he overload him with historical responsibility. Middleton is a good man with resources still to use. Good men have these resources. As far as the novel is concerned he is an excellent figure for conducting us through forty years of English life, and among a large number of characters with perspicacity. And here lies the great originality of Mr. Wilson as a novelist and the richness of his book. Its moral seriousness is matched by the comic explosions of our tradition. We are not Puritans: we are ironists. We can take a blow on the chin without hysteria. We see old Rose Lorimer boring a monkish academic audience with her well-known theories—she has gone off the rails of scholarship into the wilderness of the "wider view"—we see the angry Professor Clun taking his academic disappointments out of his shrinking wife, with the sadism of a Casaubon. We see one of Middleton's sons, inheriting his mother's sentimentality, a self-deceived Radical with an act and a radio celebrity, in all the comedy of the sincerely insincere. We see his uneasy homosexual life, his awful young men. There is the sloppy yet generous Rammage who runs a boarding-house for these derelicts. There is Mrs. Salad, Middleton's salacious and Dickensian housekeeper who is sentimental about his love nest. With sly, Cockney hypocrisy, she knows perfectly well what her son Vin and his boy friend, Larrie, are up to, and she lapses into a little shop-lifting herself—with plenty of tears when she is caught. And then, more respectable than these character parts and more subtle, are Middleton's cloying and sentimental Danish wife, his raffish, Twentyish mistress, Dolly, who is "all on her ownio" and cannot keep off the bottle—she is cured by a gush of British Empire feeling in the second world war and becomes deliciously prim in old age. In the younger generation there is her successor, the arty, hard-swearing Bohemian wench, Elvira—another hockey-playing Britannia gone wrong—full of truth but also full of gin; and, best of all, there is young Robin Middleton's French wife. Her grim conventionality, her avarice, her family egotism, her narrow mind and her dry resistance to moral inquiry are the answer to the Anglo-Saxon madness. The whole trite meaning of existence is in the military certainties of family life, its boring seniorities, its day-dreams of successful lawsuits with in-laws. Her husband's (Anglo-Saxon) response is "to use sincerity as his only protest against her existence". By which matriarch shall we be ruled? By the knuckle-raps of a cynical French bourgeoise or by the fey and whimsical Dane, with her trolls, her gluttony and her humourless "little mutter-ism"? Shall we be pickled in vinegar or suffocated by eiderdowns? Looking at her sons, the wife of the elusive English exogamist "regarded their quarrels as a sort of tribute to her—with more truth than she realised". She had the "graciousness one expects of royalty and perhaps a little of their nullity". She is a killer and a good cook. Young pansies love her and who knows that she does not know why?

Such a collection of characters is promising, especially when they are vividly realised and morally involved. Mr. Angus Wilson understands this and dives into their lives with alacrity and intelligence and sympathy. He is garrulous and epigrammatic but he moves quickly and at the right moment from person to person. The novel is closely patterned; indeed, one of its great pleasures is in its construction. But he is a personal novelist, filling out his characters by opinionating and also, of course, taking from them some of their autonomy in so doing. In this he is like D. H. Lawrence and not like George Eliot, our great duty-monger. He has no great care for style, is more

* *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*. By ANGUS WILSON. *Secker & Warburg*. 15s.

for English truculence than English urbanity. He is wicked in epigram though less sharp in his satire in this novel than he was in his short stories. He succeeds in the portrayal of character, is rather parsimonious of scenes (there is more opinionating reminiscence and talk). There are one or two very good scenes, of course. The ghastly party at the end of the book is a brilliant piece of work and contains some delightful culture snobbery; the happy family dinner which is broken up when Dolly gets drunk is wonderful, surprising and rather moving. And any place where Larrie the Irish spiv turns up, is packed with interest. Larrie and Vin are masterpieces of original observation and though I don't care for the melodramatic motor accident—a very odd fantasy to occur to a writer so on the spot as Mr. Wilson—the whole business of Larrie's hysteria is absorbingly done.

In every generation one or two novelists revise the conventional picture of English character. Mr. Wilson does this. There was morbidity, madness, even sourness in his stories—precisely qualities which our sociable tradition eschewed. They needed to be introduced by someone with humanity. We needed to recover our broadness without losing our moral sense. He has also bedded out in our rank social soil some of the hot-house blooms of our Dickensian tradition. Mrs. Salad, for example, is a perennial London joy:

> "Now the cyclermums is as delicate as my sister's skin. Her husband wouldn't have her wear a soiled garment not a day longer than was needed. Spurgin's Tabernacle they was."

This poetic old dear is nastier than Mrs. Gamp, for she is close to crime and is thoroughly shady. She was—she is—a lavatory attendant and no shame to her; but that is a life, not a fantasy. Mr. Wilson is subtle in conveying the social foundations of egocentricity. Mrs. Salad is not a middle-class joke. He has given his people moral natures. He sees England with what looks like a foreign eye. That, for me, is an important virtue in a novel which, in any case, impresses by its range and its power of stating issues.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Busy-Body Under a Cherry Tree

The pasteboard houses and the plywood schools
Are shaken with their monstrous living load,
Though all about blind highways and dark pools
Wait to divert the careless or the indisposed.

Here in a patch of sick maltreated earth,
Much written of but not too proud for this
The cherry comes to its immaculate birth.

This tree reminds the busy-body
That falling hopes are not so absolute as falling hairs,
That beauty needs and often gets no civic welcome,
That the half-educated still can love, and theirs
May be the whole which we shall never dare,

And that the cherry's body all year round is busy
Against one week of showered gifts without advice,
For it is silent, for its deeds suffice.

D. J. ENRIGHT

French Roundabout

France 1940-1955. By ALEXANDER WERTH. *Robert Hale.* 35*s.*

In most countries politics are a necessary evil. The French rate them second only to the Tour de France as a national sport. The qualities of politicians are assessed as though they were Association League players. A skilful move wins the admiration which Spaniards reserve for the bull-ring. And yet the French people, even the politicians themselves, treat the political world as a spectacle remote from their lives; and they are annoyed if it has an impact on their day-to-day concerns. We have had plenty of books on France since the war, but they have all dealt with the rules of the game—the constitution and the parties. We want to know about the game itself—what happens when the players are on the field, when the crowd roars or a goal is scored. We were missing something: and what we missed were the books in which Alexander Werth chronicled every move of the political game in pre-war France. Now at last he has done it again. After his long wanderings in Moscow and Central Europe, he has returned to his first love; we, too, can recapture the delights of long ago.

This is his best and most ambitious book—ambitious both in its scope and in the years that it covers. It shows Mr. Werth at his best—and also at his worst. It is far too long, though one would not renounce a page of it. Mr. Werth knows what are the really essential parts of the story, no one better. Yet he can never resist including the irrelevant as well. If something interests him, such as the doctrines of Maurras or the rehabilitation of Laval, in it goes without any pretence that it brings any particular illumination. The effect is of a man systematically packing his trunk in neat, well-ordered piles, and then, losing patience, throwing in articles pell-mell—odd shoes, dirty linen (plenty of that!), sheets of old newspaper. Mr. Werth has a special trick which has grown on him with the years. Like the French themselves, he can never resist the tag, the evocative phrase. Everything is labelled in France from Napoleon as "the little corporal" to the Communists as "the party of martyrs" or "the separatists." In what other country would readers at once understand the significance of an article headed: "We Need Cambronne"? Mr. Werth uses these phrases as a sort of mental shorthand, a means of giving the reader a dig in the ribs.

Mr. Werth's book is on two levels. It is on the surface a record, almost a day-to-day record, of political events. Every striking speech is summarised, every manœuvre noted. But these details are welded into a gigantic design, which can be seen clearly only when the whole book is read. The excitement and instability are in the foreground. Underlying it is a solid resolve to avoid irrevocable decisions. Though the politicians are playing hard, what they are really playing for is time. Time, one may ask, for what? Time, it would seem, merely for a particular difficulty to blow over. This most logical and practical people are in reality the supreme procrastinators. And sometimes their method works, more often indeed than we like to think. It worked with Vichy. The genuine enthusiasts for Vichy were, as Mr. Werth shows, a crazy handful. The real men of Vichy believed that, if they hung out long enough, the Germans would go away. And sure enough they did. In exactly the same way, French policy ever since the war has aimed to avoid the great decisions—to stave off German rearmament and to keep out of a war against Soviet Russia. It has worked again. Here we are eleven years after the second World War, with Germany still disarmed and war against Soviet Russia crossed firmly off the agenda. The method worked also in internal affairs. There has been no social revolution, but instead a dying-away of the class war, so that the Communists have to rely on foreign affairs to keep alive. Where the system has not worked has been in the former Empire. First, Indo-China and now North Africa have shown that delay, far from bringing appeasement, leads to total loss.

It would be wrong to imply that the French are satisfied with this system of delay. They operate it for fear of worse things, but they go on dreaming of a fresh start. Mr. Werth examines the promises of a new France—first de Gaulle and the Resistance, more recently Mendès-France. With the wisdom of hindsight, Werth perhaps emphasises too strongly the hopelessness of the first; and, too near events, perhaps exaggerates also the importance of the second. It is easy now to see the flaws in de Gaulle—aloof, romantic, with no social policy. It is easy to recognise that the true Resistance was the work of a devoted minority. Twelve years ago things looked different. On the other hand, the way in which Mendès-France finished with Indo-China bulks large in our eyes simply from being the only decisive action by a French government for more than a generation.

The French are always being told that they are a dying nation, no longer a Great Power, antiquated in their thought and in their industrial equipment. Werth's book is the evidence that the French have no intention of changing their ways. They mean to go on being clever, irresponsible, civilised. Why should they change? After all, every sensible man would choose to be a Frenchman, if he could be born again. Their politics may be trivial, even absurd. But no other country could have provided material in the last fifteen years for such an absorbing book. And no other country could have captured the attention and affection of such a gifted observer.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Aunt and Nephew

Marianne Thornton. A Biography. By E. M. FORSTER. *Arnold.* 21*s.*

Family piety has at last persuaded Mr. E. M. Forster to return to the printed page. Is this a new Mr. Forster, this careful historian of a nineteenth-century household, eyes modestly downcast (it seems at first) in the presence of his ancestors? Happily, not; and as the tale progresses, the author becomes increasingly less retiring and subdued. At the same time, after encountering the family, a reader may understand not only the modesty but the defence.

The nine children of Henry Thornton, M.P., banker and social reformer, were born at Battersea Rise, on the edge of Clapham Common, a fine Queen Anne house which Mr. Thornton had thoughtfully purchased and enlarged not long before his marriage. Marianne (born in 1797) was the oldest of the nine and the one best acquainted with that early atmosphere of prosperous Evangelical benevolence. William Wilberforce, always flitting after a child, a cat or a flower when his presence was required at some discussion, was a constant visitor; so, too, were the Zachary Macaulays and their family. (When Tom, the future historian, was born in 1800, Mrs. Thornton wrote to his mother commiserating with her on the child not being a girl.) The Thorntons were a happy, unthwarted family, brought up on the most enlightened educational lines. Even so, Mr. Forster possesses a number of very curious water-colour drawings done by the children. Some of these he describes:

> *Serpent round boy.* He kneels, dressed in blue. Coil round his knee, face pressed against his. Another boy in red feebly untwists tail. Background of trees.
>
> *The papa hanging his children.* Fine figure of a man suspending pretty child in blue, boy in trousers, child in maroon, from a single rod.
>
> *Child eaten by lion. . . .* In the background a second lion looks on: it has the face of a man.

Mr. Forster kindly attributes this mood to the tension caused by the fear of Napoleonic invasion. Still, it was no wonder that the father looked on imagination—"that foggy region which makes many of us err long and much from the truth"—with suspicion.

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In 1815, however, the estimable parents died, and the young Thorntons (aged from eighteen to five) became wards of Sir Robert Inglis, a forceful young Tory M.P., and his wife. Marianne's lengthy account of the deathbeds—Little Laura, for instance, trying to warm her father's hands, saying, "Papa, I should like to be an Angel and go with you"—reminds us that Victorian fiction never exaggerated its details. Until the mid-century, life flowed calmly enough at Battersea Rise. There had been marriages, of course. The emotional Laura (Mr. Forster's grandmother) was the first to go: her choice was a handsome but pedantic young clergyman. Of their ten children three survived infancy. One of these was to be Mr. Forster's father.

Yet, after all, it was the pompous and insular Henry, Marianne's oldest brother, who provided the shock elements of drama in this family tale. At twenty-five he had already distinguished himself during one of those legendary crises: a run on the Bank. We read how the Governor and the Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, impressed by the young man's assurance, counted out a loan of notes (£400,000) with their own hands, in the early hours of the morning. The bank thus dramatically saved was William Deacons, still at 20 Birchin Lane, E.C.3.

Now, at fifty, Henry made an announcement; he intended to marry his deceased wife's sister. He would lose no time, of course, in getting the law altered (it never was, though, in his lifetime); meanwhile, he and his family would live abroad. The scandal shattered the Thornton harmony. Marianne (Henry's only supporter) was obliged to move to a smaller house on the other side of the Common. There, "a beneficent Norn," she pursued her vigorous course. Parentless nieces and nephews were adopted; letters of advice to younger wives were tirelessly penned; schools for the juvenile poor were set in motion.

Readers who have followed the history of Aunt Marianne for the sake of her great-nephew should be patient. On January 1, 1879, Mr. Forster himself makes his appearance. Eight years of his story—the last eight years of his great-aunt's life, the first eight of his own—are recorded in this book. His architect father (whose predecessor in Mr. Blomfield's office, where he trained, was Thomas Hardy) had married a pretty young governess, herself the oldest of ten children and a Thornton protégée. Four years later he was dead, and little Morgan—called, without irony, The Important One—had taken his place as current favourite. "I was not a bad child," notes Mr. Forster, "but I had been noticed too much by grown-ups, and I could be hysterical, pretentious and detestable." We read of the infant advancing on the new maids, as they arrived, with educational projects, or other notions.

> "Have you heard one of my long stories about things that have never happened except inside my head—I'll tell you one, it is called 'Excited maids under the Clothes line.' . . ."

Other stories bore such titles as "Scuffles in the Wardrobe", "The Earring in the Keyhole", "Screams." The old lady doted on him. Alas, in those early, arrogant years, the affection was not entirely returned.

And we, as readers, may share this reserve. What Aunt Marianne lacks for us is the quality of fiction, Mr. Forster's fiction. If only he had invented her! There she is, born at the same time, almost, as Keats, never losing an eighteenth-century directness of outlook, and yet, at the end, a monument only to the comfort and solidity of the century she spanned. Even so, she well deserves the tribute of this book which bears her name. She left her great-nephew £8,000, "the financial salvation of my life," he writes.

> Thanks to it, I was able to go to Cambridge—impossible otherwise, for I failed to win scholarships. After Cambridge I was able to travel for a couple of years, and travelling inclined me to write. . . . I am thankful to Marianne Thornton; for she and no one else made my career as a writer possible.

NAOMI LEWIS

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DENT

A Bonaparte Princess

Princess Mathilde. By MARGUERITE CASTILLON DU PERRON. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, niece of Napoleon I and first cousin of Napoleon III, inherited her full share of the family conceit. With the establishment of the Second Empire she found herself, miraculously, in a situation to indulge her vanity to the full. At first she dabbled in politics and international affairs; but, when ousted from the position of first lady in the land by the Empress Eugénie, she sulkily turned to patronage of the arts. Thenceforward in her Paris *salon* in the Rue de Courcelles and at her country chateau, she reigned over writers, sculptors, musicians and painters as the queen of French culture for fifteen years—or so she thought. Actually, it was only her Wednesday evenings devoted to literature that caught the big fish; Mérimée, Gautier, Taine, Renan, Flaubert, the Goncourt brothers, Sainte-Beuve, and the two Dumas. The small fry of the other arts flocked to her Fridays, but their names are long since buried in oblivion, although painting was the art Princess Mathilde herself practised in a small way. (She even exhibited in the Salon of 1863 and was rewarded with a gold medal, such was the sycophancy of the times. And as an example of her æsthetic judgment she was convinced that Delacroix had no talent.) However worthless her own taste, her association with the great literary figures of her epoch coupled with the glamour of her name and title have guaranteed her a small niche in history. No less than four biographies of her have already appeared in France; and Madame Castillon du Perron now contributes a fifth, based on a quantity of unpublished material as well as the inevitable seven-page bibliography of printed sources.

It is hard to understand why this painstaking and erudite work need be translated into English. Princess Mathilde lived from 1820 to 1904, and her long life is over-documented. The poor authoress has been snowed under by the information available and ploughs through it with excessive scrupulosity and tedious devotion. Yet no bright new light is thrown on Princess Mathilde through access to her private memoirs and correspondence. No new lovers are added to the short accredited list of Hébert, Niewerkerque and Popelin, although Madame Castillon du Perron makes the surprising statements that the Princess would have liked to add Sainte-Beuve and that she was the only woman Flaubert ever loved. (Where is the evidence? In Flaubert's published Correspondence the note he strikes with the Princess is one of embarrassing subservience.) If anyone wishes to know what a literary *soirée* with the Princess was like he will get a far livelier notion from the staccato entries in the Goncourt Journal than from these laborious pages. The evenings were not always a success. George Sand once attended a dinner given in her honour, where she was expected to shine in order to gratify the Princess. Instead, she sat silent while Flaubert and Gautier exchanged endless jokes, and remarked as she left to Sainte-Beuve: "They are quite nice: they did not make any impression on me at all."

The same can be said for Madame Castillon du Perron's book. Her vision of the Princess is blurred by romantic sentiment. Wherever possible she takes the kindliest view and twists the facts to her heroine's advantage. The marriage with Demidoff, for instance, was a squalid affair, negotiated when the Princess and her father "King" Jerome were in exile trying to live in splendour on too little cash. The Bonaparte couple agreed to exchange their penury and their royal pretensions for the Russian's money and his syphilis. Yet her biographer tries to exalt Mathilde's feeling about the transaction to the status of love. This marriage of convenience (or love) lasted five years, at the end of which Mathilde persuaded the Czar to enforce a legal separation on Demidoff, and went off to live in Paris with her lover, Niewerkerque, on the 200,000 francs a year she extorted from her husband.

The Princess's plebeian appearance and manners are also glossed over. No one could guess from Madame Castillon du Perron's mild descriptions of her as large and brusque that an English Foreign Secretary (excluded from the ample bibliography) reported her at the age of thirty-five to be "coarse and with the manners of a housemaid and the voice of a fishwife." And what was wrong with her face? There is no portrait of the Princess, not even a frontispiece. In fact, the only photograph we are allowed to see is a very nice one on the dust-jacket of Madame Castillon du Perron writing her book.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

If Treason Prosper

Mutiny at the Curragh. By A. P. RYAN. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

Future historians may well call our era "the Age of Baldwin." More and more are we becoming aware of the decisive change of mood which came over British political life during the regime of that extraordinary man. It was largely he who devised the myth of The British Character, endowing us with reasonableness, with kindliness, with a "traditional genius for compromise"—qualities which foreigners had hitherto not always detected either in our politics or our people. It was a legend which tamed and anæsthetised the Left, which drew the teeth of the wild men of the rabid Right; and on either wing there remained only the *beaux sabreurs*, a Birkenhead and a Churchill, a Maxton and a Kirkwood, rearing like strange igneous rocks out of a placid cultivated landscape, reminders of the volcanic fury which had gone to the making of all this peaceful, almost suburban, content. When we do consider the violence of those pre-war eruptions and realise how narrowly we missed seeing three centuries of constitutional government col-

They've been very good to our children

It is pleasant to consider the respectability that descends on the most progressive as the result of marriage—" a sort of contract recognised by the police " that becomes positively bourgeois after twenty-five years. Whether the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should be regarded as the offspring of its illustrious predecessors or as a kind of hermaphroditic fusion, publishers certainly have had long cause to be grateful for diligent criticism of books at generous length regardless of other pressures on limited space.

In the fictional field alone NEW STATESMAN contributors have done much to establish or enhance the reputations of contemporary LONGMANS authors like THORNTON WILDER, EDWARD HYAMS, MARY RENAULT and LEIGH HOWARD, along with the younger or more recent arrivals that include MICHAEL BARRETT, MICHAEL CROFT, PETER FORSTER, GILLIAN FREEMAN, FRANCIS KING, RAYNE KRUGER and ROBIN MAUGHAM. There are always others coming along, and we look forward with somewhat trepid pleasure to a further twenty-five years of Turnstilian commendation and castigation for the books—novels and non-fiction alike—we submit for judgment.

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lapse in civil war, this pacification appears all the more astounding. For Edwardian England escaped few of the troubles which were breaking up the fabric of European civilisation and scattering the last vestiges of the great Liberal dream. The syndicalism of the proletariat, the uncompromising nationalism of racial minorities, the desperate hostility of the propertied classes to regimes of mass democracy which rolled remorselessly over both their interests and their ideals—all these were reflected in English politics; while English letters mirrored the growing cult of action and violence, the philosophy of "committal" which made intellectuals throughout Europe welcome the advent of war with the rapture of eighteenth-century *philosophes* greeting the dawn of revolution.

How near did England come to catastrophe before the First World War? The labour troubles, gigantic as they were, were unlikely by themselves to lead to the collapse of parliamentary government. They were more likely, as were the antics of Mrs. Pankhurst, to cement the solidarity of a frightened but immensely powerful ruling class. Successful revolutions usually occur only when the ruling class itself is deeply divided—and over the problem of Ulster exactly such a division arose, which brought the country to the brink of disaster. The smoothly optimistic Victorians on the Government Front Bench, Asquith, Birrell, Morley, did not believe that such a thing was possible until it was almost too late to prevent it. Only Churchill, almost a generation younger and himself a man of the new Age of Violence, saw how real the danger was. The leaders of the Opposition were tough and unscrupulous, and behind them were massed not simply the racial and religious prejudices of a stubborn majority but the rancorous hatred of the mass of the landed gentry for a regime which for the past seven years had been striking merciless and mortal blows at their estates and their political power. From Carson and Bonar Law any lengths of violence might be expected; but the real extent of the danger was shown by the virulence with which the Wyndhams and the Cecils added their voices to the angry, the hopeful, the almost triumphant shouts in the House of Commons: "Civil War!"

When matters reach such a condition the menacing question arises: where does the loyalty of the armed forces lie? It was this question which had precipitated the last civil war in England, and it looked in 1914, as in 1641, as if the country was again to be torn in two over the question of the control of an army to subdue rebellion in Ireland. Nor was the army a passive instrument. Like their opposite numbers abroad, the British officers were a closely integrated social group. The purchase of commissions had been too recently abolished for them to have developed that professional independence which made their French and German colleagues such a problem for the civil government, but their social conservatism, their contempt for politicians, and the roots which so many had in or near Ulster made questionable their loyalty to the Crown. Lord Roberts, who held a position in public esteem comparable only to that of Wellington, publicly applauded the Ulster gun-runners, and recruited military leaders for their volunteer army. From the heart of the War Office Henry Wilson, the most brilliant if hardly the most reliable soldier of his time, communicated all troop movements to the leaders of the Opposition before the ink was dry. The situation would have strained the acumen even of Haldane, and Haldane's successor Seely was frankly out of his depth. First he shuffled; then he blustered; finally he abjectly yielded. Had the generals in Ireland received a direct and uncompromising order to enforce a Home Rule Act, they would almost certainly have obeyed. As it was, Asquith's indifference and Seely's weakness enabled a junior officer, Brigadier-General Hubert Gough, to extract a promise that no such order would be given. Asquith rapidly and rightly disowned the promise and got rid of Seely, but the damage to government prestige was irreparable. It is questionable whether even now Sir Hubert realises how outrageous was his demand, and even more so his victory.

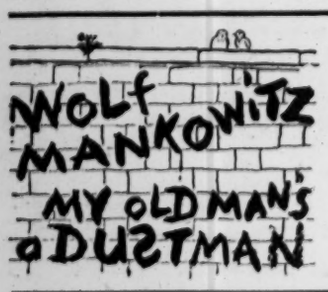
Mr. Ryan treats the whole subject with a dispassionate amusement which hardly becomes it: he might be describing not the gravest internal crisis which has faced us since 1660 but the junta politics of some minor Latin-American state. Such terms as "War to the knife and fork" in such a context ring unpleasantly hollow. His narrative is clear and readable, but he never gives the impression that the affair was more than one of personalities—and personalities not always sketched with the understanding which even the most repellent of them deserve. The reference to Wilson's "handsome figure" can perhaps stand as an example of the infinite variety of human judgements; but the suggestion that French spent his whole time as C.I.G.S. in resisting military improvements cannot.

Inevitably the work must be compared, and to its disadvantage, with George Dangerfield's treatment of the subject in *The Strange Death of Liberal England*. Dangerfield, like Mr. Ryan, saw that the affair was in some respects wildly funny; but he also realised that it was deeply tragic, even though its consequences were averted by still greater tragedy. "If a war to-morrow," he wrote,

> were to do away with the last vestiges of Imperial England, if that country were to explore the *pulvis et umbra*, the dust of Athens, the shade of Rome, the story of General Gough's mutiny might remain as a perpetual reminder not merely of the petty treacheries and follies of man but of the strange ways in which a great political philosophy can come to grief, and the government of a great country can be put to shame.

Indeed, if such things could occur during a time of peace and unbounded prosperity, one may well wonder what would have happened if 1918 had been a year not of victory but of defeat. The *Freikorps* stood ready to march.

MICHAEL HOWARD



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Listed above are four Methodist, five C. of E. and two R.C. publications. I do not claim to have read them all from cover to cover, but in the same week I have also looked at a history of the Salvation Army and the first two of a Gollancz series of books by American Protestants, edited by Reinhold Niebuhr. The Christian literature published every year would sink a battleship, and yet there are those who complain of irreligion.

With the possible exception of Wesley's letters (of which, moreover, there exists, for the historian as well as for the devout, an eight-volume standard edition), none of these books seems likely to attract either the agnostic or the member of a sect other than the one to which its author belongs. Clearly, if religion had been capable of providing THE ANSWER, it would have succeeded in doing so by now. Reading such books as these must be a cosy, intra-mural activity for those who already know what answers they want. The student Christian, for instance, will get from Mr. Smith, a distinguished translator from the German (among others, of Buber and Jaspers), tips about the latest German theology. The bouncing rhetoric of Mr. Philips (whose achievements as a New Testament translator may have led other customers to expect something different) ought to go down well at the Y.M.C.A. Thoughtful golfers cannot go wrong with the Dean of Exeter or Canon Vidler, and Mr. Coulson, from a rectory near Sevenoaks, states explicitly that his spiritual technique is likely to be practised with most success by the middle class, especially those who have lately come down in the world but are taking it quietly.

Anglicanism has a deceptive air of normality in this country. Most of the agnostics you meet will, that is to say, be C. of E. agnostics, as recognisable a breed as lapsed Catholics, whether they have become Fabians or even communists or are merely saloon bar drinkers in old school ties. What with the Coronation and young men in bowler hats going to church to set the working class an example, the C. of E. has recovered *chic* since the war. Except on the Downside Foreign Office side and in the Waugh cult of Old Catholic Families (how does one family get to be older than another?), Catholicism has lost *chic*. Perhaps for that reason, it now seems easier for nonconformists and Catholics (at any rate, for nonconformist agnostics and lapsed Catholics) to understand each other and giggle together at Anglicans, lapsed or otherwise.

The Anglican will giggle in his turn if he catches sight of Mr. Sangster's sub-title: "Were You There . . .?" Proustlike in their evocative power, these Methodist magic syllables yet exhibit a similar preoccupation to Pascal's ("*Jésus sera en agonie*, etc.") or to that of the wonderful Crucifixion prose-poem in Léon Bloy's *Le Salut par les Juifs*. Catholics, especi-

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dly French Catholics, do sometimes take things with dreadful literalness. M. Légaut's book was irst offered, like a Coulson, to the French middle lass two years after the war. M. Légaut has ince given up the world and become a peasant. The book at the foot of the list is a piece of minor, eassuring hagiography, but its subject, a Carmelite contemporary of St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower, may serve to remind us that there are no Anglican saints.

The R.C.s are one up by their internationalness. Yet the Methodists have their Missions, and it should be remembered that Wesley first ordained ministers for service across the Atlantic because, after the American War of Independence, the C. of E. washed its hands of the former colonies. Mr. Hildebrandt is that interesting oddity, a German Lutheran convert to Methodism, who may therefore have got on unusually well with the American Methodists to whom he delivered his book in the form of lectures.

Outbreaks of public repressiveness are blithely ascribed to "the nonconformist conscience." Yet, often enough, this has meant simply the libertarian conscience. I have never known an English nonconformist communist, though communists are produced by Welsh and Scottish Calvinist nonconformity, but it is out of nonconformist traditions that the ordinary Labour movement grew. Among the C. of E. books on the list above, there is any amount of bother about social justice, and it is in fact Mr. Coggle and Mr. Byrne who find a good word to say for "incentives." The authorities they quote, however, are William Morris, Ruskin, G. B. S. and R. H. Tawney. Dean Wallace and Canon Vidler both touch on marriage and sex, but not, like the Methodist pair, on drink and gambling, the old enemies of working-class independence.

Wesley himself was no great temperance addict. One of his last letters is an appeal to the Customs to release a dozen of claret he had been sent. He held strong views on diet, and he firmly believed that the *hops* in beer were harmful (but was evidently drinking it at the time). The beverage he inveighs against is tea.

There are other ways in which Methodism departed from Wesley's intentions. He himself, for instance, remained to the end within the Church of England, which he hoped to reform and extend. In three hundred years, the established Church of this country produced two really great men, and it could be argued that the other, a hundred years later, the Rev. John Henry Newman, took too easy a way out, so that his influence on the life of the country has been slight.

Wesley, too, though a comparatively unsubtle thinker, was a very considerable master of English prose. He has, in Mr. Gill, a first-rate editor. One might have feared that, as this selection is published under Methodist auspices and with, presumably, Methodist readers in mind, the letters would be selected on pietistic grounds. But no. Mr. Gill is thoroughly aware of Wesley's darker side and of the absurdity of some of his relations with women. These letters show him flirting in pastoral convention (he as "Cyrus," she as "Aspasia") with Mrs. Pendarves, wrecking his position in Georgia by a display of peevishness, denouncing the colleague who snitched his intended, Grace Murray, humiliated by a dreadful neurotic wife. The man's prodigious energy, the lucidity and unabated activity of his extreme old age, his gift for organisation, a surprising ability to see himself through the eyes of other people, above all his constant eagerness, are splendidly represented. I do not know whether Wesley's letters ever figure, alongside those of Horace Walpole, in Eng. Lit. syllabuses at our universities. They should.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

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For 25 years the *New Statesman* and the *Nation* have been happily harnessed to serve the critical, literate and intellectually tough-minded minority. Provoking and stimulating, never aiming lower than the *cerebrum*, the *N. S. & N.* earns on this anniversary the congratulation of all who care whether or not the cultural standard flies at half-mast.

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And Phoenix does other things beside publishing books! Good luck, Great Turnstile, from a just-over 25-year-old at Charing Cross!

from the Phoenix

A Tudor Capitalist

An Elizabethan, Sir Horatio Palavicino. By LAWRENCE STONE. *Oxford.* 45*s.*

The sixteenth century was an age of *émigrés*. Some migrated for religion's sake, for it was an age of persecution; others for more material reasons, for it was an age of opportunity. But all brought their talents with them, and the most precious of their talents was financial skill. Multilingual, cosmopolitan, nimble-witted, as *émigrés* must be, they knew the mystery of foreign exchange, and they found that knowledge always marketable in the courts of ambitious, bankrupt Renaissance princes with their unmanageable liabilities and frozen resources. So at the court of Philip II we find the Genoese Grimaldi and Spinola who would be converted into viceroys and grandees of Spain; at the court of France we find the Florentine bankers who would provide cardinals and Marshals of France; and at the court of Queen Elizabeth we find the Genoese Horatio Palavicino who ended more modestly, as befitted the financier of a parsimonious and solvent crown, as an ambassador, a knight, and lord of the manor of Babraham, Cambridgeshire.

Compared with the Medici or the Fugger, Sir Horatio Palavicino played a very small part in European finance, but it was an interesting one and it deserves commemoration. He began as the London agent of his father's business: for the Palavicini, one of the great mercantile families of Genoa, had a monopoly of the sale of alum, that industrially essential commodity whose production was then monopolised by the Pope. But before long a commercial struggle broke out between these partners in monopoly: the Vicar of Christ defended his business interests with spiritual thunder and brutal torture; and Horatio Palavicino, having unloaded six years' supply of papal alum on the Dutch rebels, gradually converted himself into the Protestant financier of Queen Elizabeth's foreign allies, stepping conveniently into the shoes of that other great manipulator of the exchange, Sir Thomas Gresham. Beginning with the Dutch, he went on to supply the necessities first of the Duke of Anjou, and then of that unreliable but godly *condottiere*, John Casimir of the Palatinate. In the days when Spain so nearly conquered Europe, Palavicino went as the Queen's ambassador to Germany to rally and finance the Protestant princes. He volunteered to serve in the Armada. He twice offered his services as a secret negotiator of peace. And when his policy of a German second front was dropped by the Queen, the Cecils, his constant patrons, continued to use him as a source of useful foreign intelligence. In the intervals of this public career, which he fulfilled with courage, energy and ability, he made money on the side by private investment. He twice tried to corner the pepper-market; he may have engrossed corn; and like all those who were fortunate enough to dispose of liquid capital in an age when the possibilities of investment were limited, he served his neighbours by lending at interest. He died in 1600, a respectable Protestant country gentleman, but still in touch with his relatives in Genoa, and left a large fortune which his widow, in spite of all his precautions, contrived to carry into the family of her second husband, Sir Oliver Cromwell. Within a generation, thanks to that fatal alliance, the fortune had disappeared. Unlike the Spanish Spinola or the French Gondi, the English Palavicino left no dynasty in English history.

Mr. Stone has described every known activity of Sir Horatio. His learning is impressive, his style elegant and readable, and his subject attractive—more attractive, I think, than he makes him appear. For Mr. Stone, who (like Macaulay) looks somewhat condescendingly on the past, seems also to dislike financiers on principle. "Detestable but necessary creditors" he calls them, and he refers to Palavicino sometimes as a "boa-constrictor" hovering over its "prey," ruthlessly "squeezing his debtors and obtaining their lands," sometimes as "preying on the financial necessities" of the Queen—who, for being so "preyed upon," is described as resorting to "international usury of a somewhat dubious kind." In fairness to Palavicino it should perhaps be remarked that Mr. Stone nowhere substantiates the charges which he thus implies. The Earl of Shrewsbury, the "prey" who thus trembled before the "boa-constrictor," remained Palavicino's constant friend and ultimate executor. As Mr. Stone says, short-term mortgages could be disastrous to borrowers "if ruthlessly applied," but what evidence is there that Palavicino applied them ruthlessly? The one example given proves the reverse. And did financiers who lent to kings "prey on their necessities"? From the Florentine Bardi and Peruzzi, ruined by the default of Edward III, to the Lucchese Sir Philip Burlamachi, ruined by the default of Charles I, history justifies those private financiers who would only lend to kings on good security or at high interest. The Dutch never repaid Palavicino: their debt was ultimately settled by the English crown, which had guaranteed it, six years after his death. Can this be called "preying" upon anyone?

Altogether I feel more sympathetic than Mr. Stone to those active capitalists who risked their private fortunes in public service. What energy they had! In a fine passage, Signor Armando Sapori has remarked that while a modern businessman thinks himself active if he travels in sleeping-cars and airplanes, the Italian financiers of the Renaissance journeyed perilously in their own ships, accompanied their wares through hostile armies, and lived a life of constant personal as well as financial mobility, strain and hazard. Sir Horatio Palavicino, fighting with the Pope over an alum monopoly, travelling through Germany to finance a second front for the Queen, volunteering when nearly fifty to serve at sea against the Armada, is a later representative of this great tradition. It was as such that he was appreciated by the Cecils—much to the mortification of the more indigenous Cambridgeshire gentry. As such he deserves appreciation still.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

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FROM THE THIRD PROGRAMME. A TEN-YEARS' ANTHOLOGY. *Edited by John Morris. 1,300 "tall" copies on rag paper at £3 15s 0d, (most of which are already bespoke) unlimited edition at £1 1s 0d. Ready in the Autumn.*

The Third Programme is one of the cultural triumphs of this country. It seeks no "best-seller" status, offers poetry and philosophy and aesthetic experience and difficult discussion without compromise, and yet is a voice crying in a wilderness so well-populated that 1,600,000 people listen to it at least once a week.

In this anthology, published to celebrate the decennium of the Third, the reader will be won first by names and topics to his liking—but even more substantially by the quality of what he is reading. The slightly less formal character of the spoken as compared with the written word will be found an additional lure. The choice even in a book as packed as this cannot be wholly representative—whatever that word may mean when every item is so separate an individuality. Mr. John Morris, who is the present Controller of the Third Programme, has made the choice for this anthology and made it with the survival value of the pieces especially in his mind. The book has four sections: Imagination, Argument, Experience, Exposition; and this is the rich list of contributors: Noel Annan, Max Beerbohm, Isaiah Berlin, Laura Bohannan, Elizabeth Bowen, Father F. C. Copleston, E. M. Forster, André Gide, Darsie Gillie, Maxim Gorky, Graham Greene, Fred Hoyle, Alan Pryce Jones, James Kirkup, Thomas Mann, P. H. Newby, Nikolaus Pevsner, William Plomer, V. S. Pritchett, Magnus Pyke, Henry Reed, Bertrand Russell, Edward Sackville West, Stevie Smith, Michael Ventris, Arthur Waley, J. Z. Young. A Galaxy!

¶ THESE BOOKS, DESIGNED BY SIR FRANCIS MEYNELL, ARE DISTRIBUTED BY MAX REINHARDT LTD 66 CHANDOS PLACE LONDON WC2.

Small Masterpieces

English Dolls' Houses of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. By VIVIEN GREENE. *Batsford. 63s.*

There is nothing so flattering as a reducing-glass. All Lilliputians seem to have perfect features to human eyes, for littleness has a perfection of its own. Mrs. Greene has compiled a splendidly illustrated record of the great period of English architecture as seen—a little nostalgically—through the reducing-glass. Her dolls' houses—or rather "baby-houses" as they were at first called—begin with Nuremberg kitchens, small open shrines of household pride, with all the rich and formidable machinery that went to make up a jack and roasting-spit, and shelf upon shelf of shining copper pans. These kitchens were toys for children, but with a few conspicuous exceptions the early baby-houses—like so many exquisite eighteenth-century works of art—were playthings for grown-ups. The estate carpenter built them, often under an architect's guidance and perhaps with his master's great house as a model that need not be so exactly followed as to exclude all personal whim and enterprise. For, despite constant tradition to the contrary, the small masterpiece never seems to have been an exact copy of the large one. The replica of Nicholas Hawksmoor's rejected design for the Radcliffe Camera, which survived several generations of incidental use as a baby-house, hardly counts as an exception. A few of them are palatial and ostentatious, but most are elegant simplifications of their larger models, and Mrs. Greene even illustrates a portable version, a travelling baby-house such as was made for Gulliver in Brobdingnag. These early baby-houses, individual and unacademic adaptations of Georgian architecture, are beautifully proportioned boxes, each with its handsome and characteristic facade. The decoration has to be discreet (without projecting turrets or pinnacles that might break off or catch in one's clothes). And surely the best domestic architecture is built to these rules.

In the nineteenth century the dolls' house became a child's toy, and in this most indoorsy period of English history interiors flourished and exteriors began to decay. Immense quantities of splendid dolls' furniture poured in from Germany to be bought for a few pence and soon destroyed by loving children. Dolls' houses survived the blight of Victorianism far longer than the real houses did, for they are usually archaistic exercises in nostalgia, attempts to reproduce a small model of the large past, but eventually the decay set in. The symptoms were there at the Great Exhibition. A firm of cutlers exhibited a minute pair of scales; in one was the smallest apothecaries' weight and in the other, so small that they were only recognisable through a powerful lens, lay a microscopic pair of scissors—the triumph of mere technique. And so the dolls' houses of the rich (Queen Mary's for instance) became chillingly exact, while the others became shoddier and shoddier. Today dolls' houses are as depressed an area of design as wedding-cakes or slow-burning grates.

Mercifully Mrs. Greene stops short at 1900. Her record is a history exemplified with detailed descriptions of the most interesting dolls' houses. She has been very active in routing out her own collection—scratching enamel off old wallpaper with a busy fingernail—and in finding and studying other examples. It seems extraordinary that so many have survived far worse treatment in the nursery than any requisitioned mansion suffered from billeted commandos.

The author knows and loves these dolls' houses like a devoted retainer at a country seat; and reading through her catalogue is like being shown round the house by an old housekeeper while the family is away. The Adam ceiling is duly pointed out, but one also has to hear how Master Robert nearly died of scarlet-fever in this very room forty years ago.

RICHARD GARNETT

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ARTHUR BARKER

Malleus Maleficorum

Essays presented to Sir Lewis Namier. Edited by RICHARD PARES and A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Macmillan. 36s.*

Though historians can be classified in a hundred ways, one broad division that strikes the common reader is purely arbitrary and temperamental. It is that between those historians who, as it were, break upon the learned world empty of affiliations—vessels, receptacles, into which the past has been poured like water into a jug—and those of mixed inheritance, whose nerve-endings tingle with several loyalties, thrusting sympathetic *antennæ* out into the most disparate civilisations. Gibbon and Burckhardt are types of the first. From their libraries in Lausanne or Basle we can watch them spinning Rome and the Renaissance out of their heads. Lord Acton, that strange amalgam of Whiggery and the Decalogue, Josephan Austria and Gladstonian Liberalism, is the most impressive embodiment of the second. With the exception of a powerful talent for expressing character in epigram, he and Sir Lewis Namier have little in common. Yet it is to this latter class that Sir Lewis also belongs. His many-sided life, and experience, the strands of the various cultures—Polish, Jewish, Anglo-Saxon—that meet in him have produced a unique and rigorous instrument for the interpretation of modern history.

The editors of this volume declare rightly in their preface that "The salutory stringency of his reviews has made him the *malleus maleficorum* of historians who misread their documents or perpetuate legends. No mistake has been too trivial to escape his notice; and many a historian must have verified his references more closely in the knowledge that he might have to appear before such a judge." Those of us who have been privileged to observe Sir Lewis wielding his hammer conversationally will agree that it is a formidable experience. The editors continue:

> He has been an artist as well as a scholar . . . he has shown, too, intuition both into individual character and into social classes. How else could the son of a Galician landowner have come to know, perhaps even better than the English, what their ancestors were like two hundred years ago? His courage and confidence have stood out most of all. He never held a permanent university post until he was over forty, and at one time he went into business in order to save enough money to support himself for a few years in historical research. Few historians who have advanced smoothly up the ladder of academic promotion can be sure that they would have shown the same resolution.

The essays collected in this volume bear witness to Sir Lewis's scholarship in many fields—British parliamentary history, the English eighteenth century, the liberal and national movements of nineteenth-century Europe, the diplomatic origins of the second world war. In "Oliver Cromwell and his Parliaments," the first and most brilliant essay in this book, Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper furnishes an apt comment on Sir Lewis's dictum, enunciated as long ago as 1930, that "statistical data are the biographical facts of an assembly." Mr. Romney Sedgwick's microscopic editing of Pitt's letters to Bute (1755-58) recalls his most lethal exploit—*Additions and Corrections to Sir John Fortescue's Edition of the Correspondence of George III*—while essays by Miss Lucy Sutherland and Professor Pares emphasise his pioneering work in the atomic structure of eighteenth-century politics. Professors Aspinall and Gash and Mr. Edward Hughes all testify in their various ways to Sir Lewis's absorbing concern with "that marvellous microcosm," the House of Commons, and Mr. Bolsover, Dr. E. H. Carr and Professor Seton-Watson bear witness to his deep understanding of nineteenth-century European history, as evinced in his Raleigh lectures on 1848 and his Creighton Lecture (the latter is a fine example of Sir Lewis's use of the historical telescope). Mr. A. J. P. Taylor writes on Allied war aims in World War I and Mr. John Wheeler-Bennett on "Men of Tragic Destiny: Ludendorff and Groener."

Altogether, this is most impressive collection.

The cream of contemporary scholarship has assembled itself between these covers to do Sir Lewis honour and illustrate the extraordinary range of his learning, and this is as it should be. Yet I wish the editors could have found space to have said a little more about his writing, for as a stylist he is superb. Behind the accuracy and meticulous detail, there is an Old Testament quality about Sir Lewis. He has the hardness and the vision of the servants of Jehovah. "Here," he wrote long ago of the confusion of the House of Commons in 1760, "is an ant-heap, with the human ants hurrying in long files along their various paths; their joint achievement does not concern us, nor the changes which supervene in their community, only the pathetically intent, seemingly self-conscious running of individuals along beaten tracks." Again, though no scholar could be more down to earth than Sir Lewis (he has none of that subjective mystagoguery that plays such a literary part in the work of Sir Maurice Powicke), he is not without his own flights of fancy. Discussing the psychological truth underlying Filmer's theory of the paternal origin of government, he writes:

> . . . the development of every man, in his individual life, obviously proceeds from subjection to freedom, and it proves arrested growth if full freedom is never reached. . . . For in the life of every man comes a night when at the ford of the stream he has to strive "with God and with men"; if he prevails and receives the blessing of the father-spirit, he is henceforth free and at peace.
>
> Above individual man rises the community, the State. There the struggle is repeated, on an infinitely wider stage, in terms similar to man's individual life, and yet in dimensions which are beyond the understanding of the average man. . . .

Finally, here, in a passage from his *Judaica*, is the hardness and the vision conjoined:

> When I was a boy, there was an old Jew on our estate in Eastern Europe who used to tell me stories about my ancestor, Eliyahu ben-Solomon, the Gaon of Vilna. The one which made the greatest impression on me was this:
>
> About the middle of the eighteenth century a distinguished French Jew came all the way from Paris to Vilna to discuss the Law with the Gaon. On the third day of their discussions the Gaon said: "When we go back to Jerusalem. . . ." The French Jew interrupted: "And if we do not?" The Gaon did not reply. He called his servants and told them to put his honoured guest into the pillory for twenty-four hours.

JOHN RAYMOND

New Novels

The Adults. By INEZ HOLDEN. *Bodley Head.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

A Wreath For Udomo. By PETER ABRAHAMS. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Stranger At The Gate. By JOHN HEARNE. *Faber.* 15*s.*

The Sullen Bell. By DAN DAVIN. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

One of the first problems the didactic novelist has to solve is whether to be an optimist or a pessimist, whether to decide that everything is rapidly sinking into a vast hole in the floor or whether, in fact, life is not getting, even if in a furtively imperceptible way, slightly less dismal. Post-war periods are always deceptive; they present two contradictory faces: crack-up and stabilisation. Typical crack-up symptoms are, among the middle-aged, alcoholism and nymphomania; and, among the young, an ugly rush of juvenile delinquency. Stabilisation symptoms include, among the middle-aged, calm, resignation, interest in Zen Buddhism, social welfare, and, among the young, patient watchful careerism. In *The Adults*, Miss Inez Holden, who is commendably full of high serious moral and ethical purpose, has made a really determined attempt to sum up everything into one nodal point—a few days in the life of a young girl named—equivocally and perhaps significantly—Pascale. She and her half-American cousin Harry go to stay with their older cousins, Edward and Venetia Scantlebury, with whom they lived during the war. Now the Scantleburys inhabit the vicarage; the house has been turned into an Approved School. Edward, a bit of a fuddyduddy but an undeniably saintly one, acts as Welfare Officer, but Venetia is suffering from an acute attack of delayed delinquency—Venetias always do have a stormy middle-age. She drinks and makes a frantic play for a local publican, an ex-boxer whose attempted come-back as an all-in wrestler is described in some detail. When he brushes her off she behaves in a very nasty pettish way. The last we see of her she is just about to seduce, or so it seems, young Harry, who has got a job on a local newspaper. Pascale, on the other hand, has taken a sudden stride forward. As the result of seeing adults as they really are, and of a conversation with Edward who points out the childishness of Venetia's frailties, she herself has become grown-up. There is also a drunkenish ex-war correspondent, a presumed lover of Venetia's, and a genuine teen-age delinquent girl, whom Pascale and Harry knew during the war. This is very nearly a very good novel indeed. Unfortunately it does not all carry conviction; some of the dialogue is a bit stiff and some of the detail not quite right; I get the impression that Miss Holden has been inhibiting herself rather, perhaps in her determination to get in so many socially significant items; the effect is like a golfer who is trying to remember all the pro's tips at the same time. Nevertheless, well worth reading.

For the politically didactic novelist, the racial colonial problem, whether in Africa or the West Indies, has become one of the prescribed subjects, though its exploitation is inevitably limited to those who really know the field. Here readers are apt to be exacting. Both Mr. Abrahams and Mr. Hearne have all the necessary first-hand knowledge; unfortunately—this may seem a most unfair complaint—they have thought it necessary

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ROBERT HALE

to use some rather heavy disguises for their locales. That documentary precision, after which I rather hanker in novels of this kind, is absent from Mr. Abrahams's African republic and Mr. Hearne's West Indian island, so that I keep asking myself: Is this meant to be Nigeria or the Gold Coast with a dash of Tanganyika thrown in? Trinidad or Jamaica? Is he Jomo Kenyatta? Dr. Jagan, I presume.

In *A Wreath For Udomo* Mr. Abrahams traces the rise and fall of a young African politician. Michael Udomo comes to London, meets a famous political theorist, Lanwood, and some of those sometimes rather pathetic Englishwomen who, through a strange mixture of motives, in which generosity, radicalism, romanticism, and inverted snobbery are inextricably combined, became the Kitty O'Sheas of African Parnells. Udomo has a love affair with one of these, tromps her with her best friend, then behaves with hysterical caddishness. (Mr. Abrahams is careful not to idealise the characters of his Africans.) Back in "Pluralia," after a short spell in jail, he very rapidly becomes prime minister, carried forward on a wave of popular enthusiasm and supported by the tribal leaders who are the real holders of power. In the end, he falls foul of them and of those who want to restore the tribal glory, and is murdered. But we are meant to regard his fate as a sacrifice to the future rather than as a sign of the hopelessness of Africa. This is a genuinely powerful political novel, well written and informative if rather disjointed, but I should like to have the author's own glossary on it.

Stranger At The Gate is concerned with a single Caribbean episode. The principal characters are Roy Mackenzie, a young lawyer, and a member of the communist party, his friend Carl Brandt, a planter, and Sheila Pearce, with whom Carl is in love but who is in love with Roy. The stranger is Henri Etienne, a communist leader from a neighbouring island, now on the run. Roy and Carl shelter him and arrange to get him on board a ship bound for Europe. There is a brush with the police and Roy sacrifices himself so that the others can get away. The tribal or backward element here is represented by Tiger Johnson, the uncrowned king of the local shanty town, very Black-conscious but utterly lacking in political development. Mr. Hearne writes very nicely, his descriptions of action and scenery are particularly good; but I wish he would state clearly the exact shade of skin-colour of each of his characters.

Mr. Davin writes about a group of New Zealanders in London soon after the war. They all seem to be suffering in varying degrees from some form of wartime nostalgia. There are all sorts: a left-wing barrister, a doctor turned abortionist, a taxi-driver, a military historian. There is a violent incident ending in a murder charge, but otherwise nothing mildly significant happens and interest is divided between characters with such scrupulous egalitarian evenness that you feel the need for some narrative focus. The writing is nice and clear, the dialogue natural and the London evocation is vivid enough. The title comes from Shakespeare's seventy-first sonnet which strikes a note of spiritual necrophily.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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Result of No. 1,364

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for an account of a mescalin vision sustained by any one of the following—Sir Thomas Browne, John Bunyan, William Blake, Dostoevsky, Oscar Wilde, Proust, Kipling, George Orwell, Evelyn Waugh or Sir Winston Churchill.

Report

. . . Counsel spoke most eloquently about my childhood in a broken home in Dublin, and called Dr. Alcibiades, an expert witness. Tears all round, even in Carson's steely eyes . . . showers of roses, the Attorney-General withdraws all charges . . . £50,000 compensation . . . Queensberry confined for life in the British Museum . . . and for once, my dear, no sign of a hang-over.

Almost all the others behaved as magnificently in character as Guy Hadley's Oscar. Sir Winston toasted the Cosmos out of a horn-cup with Josef Djughashvili, Sir Thomas Browne "walked in Nabuchodonozor his Hanging Garden and stood on the mountain side when the Prophet Jeremy buried the Ark of the Covenant." "*Au bout d'une heure*," Proust wrote, "*cessant brusquement de vivre pour moi-même, je devins Swann. Et voilà que j'aperçus le Comte de Paris qui s'approchait en saluant gravement ma bien-aimée Odette ce qui me combla de bonheur.*" Charles B. Swan and Dogerello both made brave shots at Blake, and H. A. C. Evans and G. J. Blundell produced a brace of eloquent Bunyans.

One guinea each to the five entries printed below. Runners-up: H. J. R., L. G. Udall, Eileen Haggitt and A. D. Bennett Jones.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

My impression, for hours afterwards, was that nothing had changed. The world still wore its wonted dress of imperishable lustre; the splendour of garden tulips, like armies unbent in full panoply of war, was a wonderful thing, but proverbial, none the less; and the Chartwell oaks, like their famous cousins of Chequers, stood in familiar and historic livery. The air was invigorating: it always is; the sunlight inspirational: but not more so than usual. I was about to dismiss all tales of the drug's effects when Anthony was announced to me. I am bound to admit that he looked like one transformed—stalwart, redoubtable, worthy to squirmish with our forebears on some eternal Ramillies or Oudenarde provided in the Hereafter. I think he said "We've had rain in London" as he took my hand; I forget the remark, but I was engulfed by his strength and confidence . . .

MARTIN JORDAN

I went out into the garden with my easel. Painting I find most inducive to the contemplative state. I was getting down, with some success, the sunlight picking out the excellent pointing on my garden wall. Suddenly I was *in* the wall—nay, I was the wall itself, the Great Wall of England, Winston's Wall. It didn't seem so strange for I had put a little of myself into that brickwork previously, but most invigorating. Aeons after I was back-stage of the sunset, the Sublime Electrician controlling Heaven's Lighting Effects. Fun incarnate; putting out glorious translucent beams over the Empire, cocking great red-white-and-blue snooks over Moscow. Never have I given such magnificent V-signs. The Terrific Vision of the Great Beyond I shall incorporate in my next work, *Crisis Out of this World*. I think I could get back to power on mescalin. E. C. JENKINS

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

If any delight in Exploration, let him inquire into the Americas of Mescalin. Though the pattern of man's waking senses is quincunciall, others may manifest themselves as phantasmes of sleep, of a sleep induced by Hippocrates to endow all with the eyes of a yet wakeful Argus. It is as though some Vegetable from an obscure well were to advance solisequous into the rayes of the Sunne. With the Inspiration of Mescalin, a man may exactly discern without augmenting glasses, not only the dentall sockets of the Sea Hedgehogge, but also the movement of the Stars. But to suppose that Eternity is to be glimpsed by corporeal visive organs is an evidence of mortall Vanity; any Ingression into the Divine shadow must be not through arrogant senses but through a Humility sentient of the Divinity in us which needs no Philosopher's Phial to turn our Clay into Gold. J. WYATT

KIPLING

There were soldier-men in 'undreds 'angin' downwards from the moon,
An' ev'ry blinkin' Tommy looked a multi-coloured coon,
With sapphires on 'is puttees and golden webbin' too,
An' lots of lovely bayonets in red an' white an' blue.

I shan't forget the moment when my eyes were formin' fours,
An' Sergeant-Major's whiskers overturned the chest of drawers;
The colonel's wife was winkin' at a print of Waterloo,
'Er 'usband merely paintin' it in red an' white an' blue.

But Nemesis o'ertook me an' I woke up from my trance
Feelin' squiffy as a civvy on the roundabouts in France:
Next time I'd be contented with a slightly weaker brew
An' fewer lovely bruises in red an' white an' blue.

J. R. TILL

OSCAR WILDE

Dearest Boy,

What a disappointment I am to everybody! I have taken *mescalin*. It tasted appalling. X made a tremendous fuss about it. When I was under the influence he asked me about my sensations. Perfectly normal, I told him. "What! Aren't you conscious of the astounding beauty of common objects, the amazing texture of clothes, curtains, tapestries and carpets, the rich glow of furniture . . . ? Don't you feel yourself borne aloft to serene altitudes of Olympian contemplation, and realise within yourself a marvellous capacity for devising heavenly projects, coupled with a sublime indifference about carrying them into effect . . . ?" "Of course I do, my dear fellow," I said, "but *mescalin* has nothing to do with it. I *always* feel like that." It was awfully hard to convince him. The poor creature was quite upset.

A. M. SAYERS

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A series of articles on the origins of present thought and conditions, on writers and ex-writers, makers and unmakers. Why has Europe suffered civil war and political eclipse? The first article is
PRELUDE
by DESMOND STEWART.

★ ★ ★

EUROPEAN SOCIALISM:
A reply to comment and criticism from England, Germany, Italy and America
by SIR OSWALD MOSLEY.

★ ★ ★

WATER MUSIC: *A pastoral poem*
by ALAN NEAME.

★ ★ ★

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City Lights

The Dividend that Wasn't

The story of the B.P. rumpus is worth re-telling as evidence of the risk involved in keeping up too well with events—and because nobody has quite got to the bottom of it. It begins with the fact that stock markets have been very dull for a long time. There seems always now to be a Dunlop with disappointing profits or a Bristol with disappointing dividends for every A. E. Reed which nicely does what is not expected. Prices go down nearly as often as they go up; markets straggle; the exhilarating simplicity of the bull market has gone. To all those thirsty for last year, the final dividend of British Petroleum seemed an oasis.

The British Government, of course, has been talking about dividend restraint again, and the British Government is the majority shareholder in B.P. But this was a single disagreeably down-to-earth feature in a picture drawn, as journalists were fond of pointing out, straight from the Arabian Nights. The Persian settlement had put the company's finances on an altogether new basis. The post-Abadan era had opened with a 4-for-1 scrip issue, a promise that a higher proportion of earnings would be distributed to shareholders, and a virtual certainty that distributable earnings would be at least doubled in 1955. The interim dividend, when it came, was eight times the size of that declared a year before, and it appeared in an enticingly tax-free get-up. The columnists redoubled their enthusiasm. The old warriors of the bull market began to dream about earnings of up to 100 per cent, dividends of up to 25 per cent tax-free, of tax-free bonuses, of scrip issues. The shares rose and rose, and rose still further when American investors began to bite, yet still the price seemed reasonable, and still the market could encourage itself, justifiably enough, with the reflection that this was the outstanding growth company in an outstanding growth industry. If, as sober recent thoughts allowed, the dividend this year were to be only 15 per cent. tax free, the yield would not be wildly unreasonable, earnings were sure to be good, American investors would still come in to buy. And if it were more, the shares could easily rise £1 or more overnight. The dividend announcement was due at the beginning of a Stock Exchange account: if speculation were to bring a profit, it could be taken at once, if a loss, there would be three weeks for the shares to recover again before it need be proved. And the same account would cover the dividend announcement, a week later, of Burmah Oil—a company whose chief asset in market eyes is its large holding of B.P. shares.

On to Thursday evening. The company was due to issue its statement after dealings on the floor of the Stock Exchange had closed for the day, but in time enough for bargains to take place between one office and another. Jobbers' offices, in fact, were crowded with those waiting to receive orders from brokers, crammed with instructions. There was a rumour about in the market that the total dividend would be not 15 but 20 per cent tax free. Nobody could afford to believe it; it seemed too good to be true. Then, suddenly, the City ticker confirmed it, quite baldly—20 per cent tax-free! The telephones came frenziedly into action. People shouted and seethed; they bought and they switched and they sold on a tremendous scale. In 22 minutes, it is believed, 100,000 shares, worth something like £750,000, changed hands. After 22 minutes the City ticker reported that there had been a mistake: the B.P. dividend for the year was to be not 20 but 15 per cent.

At this point the frenzy became a gesticulating stillness: all dealings stopped at once. Wild suggestions were made that the Stock Exchange Council would be asked to cancel all the bargains that had been struck by mistake. The market packed itself agitatedly off home, and the columnists resigned themselves to commenting on the B.P. results—which were really very good indeed. In the morning, of course, nobody appealed to the Stock Exchange Council. For one thing, cancellation would have been too complicated even to be considered. For another, the jobbers realised that they were in the fortunate position of having sold stock at £8 which they could buy in at their leisure at £7¼ or less. So they stuck to their bond, and dealings opened normally, to all appearances, the next day.

How did it all happen? Was it a mistake? Or an American coup? The mystery only deepened when the City ticker issued its explanation. The message, it was admitted, had been issued before the company itself had made any announcement at all. The news had been telephoned through to it by a source which it had found reliable for more than 20 years. Who this source may be whose authoritative reports on company dividends are accepted without question before the company has announced them, and why after more than 20 years of reliability he produced so inaccurate a report, is still unknown.

* * *

The other news provides three comments on the progress of the credit squeeze. Steel prices are to go up by 5 per cent. and coal prices by an unspecified amount fairly soon (unless Aubrey Jones learnt at L.S.E. the trick of muddling economic principles and the Coal Board lets him get away with it): the stable-pricers are indignant.

The latest employment figures show a continuing decline (182,000 drop in four months, against a rise of 70,000 in the same period last year); but unemployment is only slightly up, and most of the drop is in women workers, presumably casual or part-time.

The Treasury bill rate fell again last week for the fourth successive time, to below 5 per cent. The market raised its bid to win more bills from strong outside competition. The point lies in the fact that, this week as last, the market was short of funds on Monday, and the authorities, instead of driving it disapprovingly into the Bank, helped out

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The Chess Board

No. 339.
Poaching on Blackburne's Preserves?

Certainly not! There are no preserves in chess, only rules. And so long as we obey them we are welcome to the most glittering rewards from Caissa's inexhaustible bounty. Hence, C. M. Malcolm of Glasgow should feel pride rather than the misgivings that assailed him when a friend showed him this

game-position of Blackburne's printed here on June 25 last year. Competitors may remember how easily they earned 4 ladder-points by discovering Blackburne's own brilliant conclusion : (15) Q x Kt (h6) ch, K x Q, (16) Kt-K6 ch, K-R4, (17) B-K2 ch, K-R5, (18) R-B4 ch, Kt x R, (19) P-Kt3 ch, K-R6, (20) Kt x Kt mate. As for C. M. Malcolm, he was somewhat bewildered because a few months earlier (and quite unaware of Blackburne's game) he had achieved the same position and the same conclusion. He sent me the score of his game and he wants to know how it differs from Blackburne's. It doesn't. C. M. Malcolm in 1955 and J. H Blackburne in 1874 (in an off-hand game at The Hague) played precisely the same thing. Here are the first 14 moves.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(8) O-O	P-Q3
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(9) P-B5	P-Q6 ch
(3) P-Q4	P x P	(10) K-R1	P x P
(4) B-QB4	B-B4	(11) Kt-QB3	Kt-K4
(5) Kt-Kt5	Kt-R3	(12) Kt-Q5	Q-Q1
(6) Q-R5	Q-K2	(13) P-B6	Kt-Kt3
(7) B-KB4	O-O	(14) P x P	K x P

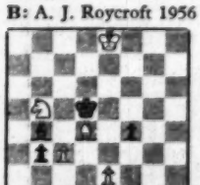
Such "plagiarism", conscious, subconscious or unconscious, is by no means as rare as might be imagined; nor need our Glasgow friend have any misgivings about his (and Blackburne's) combination being refuted by (13) . . . Kt x B. It isn't, it is a perfectly sound combination and C. M. Malcolm has earned

his chessbook-token as well and truly as C. G. Hilton, who sent me this position of the game he played for Manchester in the recent match against Leicester. The match was played by telephone, and it so happened that the result depended on this one game, the last to finish. Hilton (Black) had just played (47) . . . Kt-Q5, and White countered the threat of the B-winning check by (48) B-K5. That was a decisive mistake, speedily punished by (48) . . . P-Kt4. A good move and an interesting position. White is lost in every variation.

A: A. Alekhine 1912

The 4-pointer for beginners is a position which occurred in a blindfold game played by young Alekhine and a fellow-student sitting next to him during some very dull lecture. Alekhine (Black) played . . . Q-KB6, whereupon his opponent triumphantly countered Q-R6. How was he disillusioned? The other two pieces are as home-made as they ought to be in a "Readers' Own" week, **B**, a 2-mover, being uncommonly easy for 6 ladder-points (and, indeed, called "a little joke" by its author). **C**—White to win—comes from a Budapest reader and rates 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by May 21.

B: A. J. Roycroft 1956



C: G. Graetzer 1955

Competition report held over for lack of space. It will appear next week. —ASSIAC.

Company Meeting

LONDON & MANCHESTER ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

Speech of the chairman, LORD GRANTCHESTER, O.B.E., at the 87th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING held on the 9th May, 1956, at the Chief Office, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2

DIRECTORS' REPORT AND ACCOUNTS

The year 1955 the Report for which I am now presenting has, I think you will agree, been a satisfactory year for those associated with your Company.

The Accounts which you are invited to approve provide for our policy holders a larger bonus in both life branches. Satisfied customers are the best tonic for all who work for the Company.

If you accept the recommendations which your directors are making you will receive a slightly higher dividend.

Although I think you will have obtained a very full picture of the Company's activities and continued steady progress from the Accounts which have been in your hands for several weeks, there are a number of items upon which you may wish me to comment.

Compared with the year 1954, new sums assured in the ordinary branch at £4¼ million are up by £½ million; new sums assured in the industrial branch are approximately the same at £6 million; the premium income in the fire and general branch is up by some £35,000.

Perhaps I may say here that we have recently arranged with our friends the County Fire Office for the continuation of the agreement to work together in the fire and accident field. Our thanks are due to the directors, management and staff of the County for their unfailing courtesy and assistance.

BONUSES

The cost of the bonuses this year to policy holders in both life branches exceeds £1 million, which is a record distribution by your Company out of a single year's profits. The reversionary bonus in the ordinary branch has been raised by 4s. per cent. to 38s. per cent.; the bonuses in the industrial branch have been improved by an earlier allocation than formerly of a share of profits to policy holders and by certain other improvements in the scheme for adult endowment assurances. The additions in excess of contractual liabilities to industrial branch policy holders cost nearly £½ million. One cannot help wondering whether a Government controlled institution would have shown such consideration as the proprietors of the London and Manchester.

SAVINGS BOND POLICIES

A number of our policy holders effected during the war policies under which the Company contracted to provide Savings Bonds instead of cash. Some of these policies matured during 1955 and more will be due shortly. These Government Bonds stand at the present time at a discount, which is disappointing to those patriotic citizens who have been paying for them. Your directors have decided, I hope with your approval, to give such policy holders the option to receive in cash on maturity the full face value of their Bonds as an alternative to a Government Bond the sale of which at the present time would bring them less than they hoped to receive.

INVESTMENTS

A significant feature of this year's report is the higher rate of interest earned on investments. This is largely due to the rearrangement of the balance in the investment portfolio as between Government securities and industrial equities. The resulting higher interest income is a material factor in the consideration of bonus declarations. The interest we can earn is dependent to a considerable degree upon dividends paid on our investments. Bonus possibilities are therefore directly linked with the profitability of industry.

New money available for investment derives this year as it happens almost entirely from interest income, which amounted to over £2 million. The increase in our equity holdings shows where the greatest proportion of new money has been invested.

Of the £3¼ million invested in mortgages £3¼ million is accounted for by mortgages on houses, shops or business premises under our house purchase schemes providing for repayment by means of endowment assurances.

It is again satisfactory to be able to record that the balance sheet values of the stock exchange securities as at the 31st December last were in total less than their market value without recourse to the Investments Reserve Fund.

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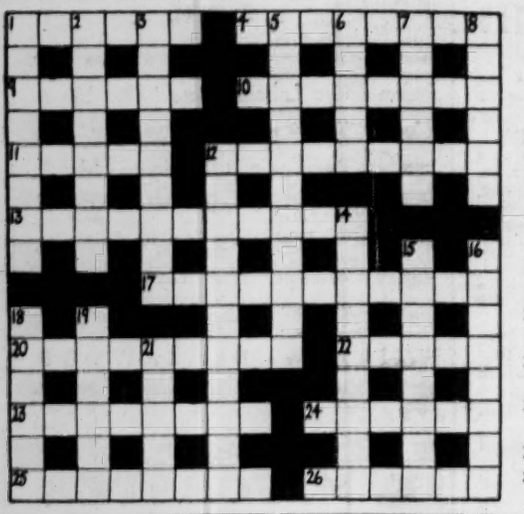
Week-end Crossword No. 198

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 198, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 22.



ACROSS

1. Mean to run round back and score (6).
4. It is other-wordly here surrounded by the returning dead (8).
9. Car with half a wing inter alia (6).
10. Falling for a maid distracted by proof of engagement (8).
11. Border town (5).
12. Agricultural blades as Edrich makes a stroke (9).
13. Song to have in the back street in slums (6, 5).
17. Airmen would be the dregs without a Welshman (11).
20. The followers include a clue for windows (9).
22. Victor beheaded and shot (5).
23. Coveted what is half seen and capable of survival (8).
24. Carriage weight for a box (6).
25. In another way I pressed to break up (8).
26. Reforming basest creatures (6).

DOWN

1. Writer for worship with the contents of the missal by heart (8).
2. Accident in delivery? (8).
3. Parliament—in which case right is confounded (9).
5. Signs of drunkenness here? What's the game? (11).
6. Their changing place (5).
7. Inventor reversing the end of the game (6).
8. The lawyer has translated the main point (6).
12. Waylays flowers (11).
14. In one girl it acts differently and the result is to excite (9).
15. A very large number of relatives are powerful men (8).
16. Insults for a lad in the mixed staff (8).
18. Break the rule in both the start of the race and the finish (6).
19. " Bold —— thrive without one grain of sense " (Dryden) (6).
21. The beheaded buccaneer is angry (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 196

P	A	C	K		S	W	E	E	T	W	A	T	E	R
R		R	W		I		N		O		Y		A	
I	R	I	S	H		N	A	T	U	R	A	L	L	Y
N		T		I		D		E		M		E		S
C	H	E	S	T	O	F	D	R	A	W	E	R	S	
E		R		E		A			O			E		
T	R	I	B	E		L	A	M	P	O	O	N	E	D
O		O		L		L	E		D		I		I	
W	I	N	T	E	R	S	E	T		S	P	L	I	T
N			P			R		C	O		R			
	L	I	G	H	T	P	R	O	G	R	A	M	M	E
E		S	A		L		N		U		E		S	
V	A	L	E	N	T	I	N	O		B	A	T	E	S
I		A	T		C		M		S		E		E	
L	A	M	P	S	H	A	D	E	S		A	R	K	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 196

A. H. Draper (*Liverpool, 23*), *F. Hawkins* (*Carshalton*), *B. B. Daubney* (*Lincoln*).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

BBC requires Assistant in Music Programmes Department (Sound). Duties include building all types (other than Light) of music programmes, administrative work, and critical appreciation of new music and standards of performance. Applicants must be professional musicians with wide knowledge of general repertoire and current musical affairs. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,280. Requests for applic. forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref. " 1687 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

THE University College of Khartoum, Sudan. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of Economics. Salary £E2,400 p.a. Cost of living allowance approx. £E140 p.a. Family allowances. Superannuation scheme. Passages for appointee and family on appointment, termination and annual leave. Appointment on contract for 5 years (renewable). Detailed applications (eight copies) naming three referees to be received as soon as possible by Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Sq., London W.C.1, from whom further information may be obtained.

WAR Department: Motion Study Officer. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men for pensionable posts in the Army Operational Research Group at West Byfleet, Surrey: (a) 1 post as Senior Motion Study Officer (b) 4 posts as Motion Study Officer Grade I (c) 2 posts as Motion Study Officer Grade II. Age. Post (a) at least 35 on April 1, 1956, (b) at least 30 and (c) at least 25 on that date. All candidates must be acquainted with the standard techniques of motion and time study and will normally be expected to have some knowledge of industrial administration and procedure, e.g., planning, costing, layout, etc., and be familiar with the technique of job analysis and evaluation. Candidates must have had experience in a variety of industrial technologies, preferably including sufficient engineering experience to deal with the preliminary design of fixtures and devices. In addition: Candidates for posts (a) and (b) must have a knowledge of operational research techniques and ability to plan experiments; for post (a) lecturing and teaching ability is desirable. For posts (a) and (b) a pass in mathematics—G.C.E.(A) or equivalent academic qualification is desirable and a knowledge of statistical techniques relevant to this work will be an advantage. For post (c) candidates should preferably have a pass in mathematics —G.C.E.(O), or equivalent, and an appreciation of the value of statistics in this work an advantage. Inclusive salary for (45½-hour week) Post (a) £1,176—£1,361, (b) £935—£1,148, (c) £550—£904. For post (c) starting pay up to £701 at age 30 or over. Full particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4587/56/8. Completed forms must be returned by May 24, 1956.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of full-time Club Leader for Jewish Boys' Club. The appointment offers scope for the energetic development of initiative with full support to expand. Salary within the scale £600/£750 per annum. Apply in writing to Organising Secretary, Cambridge & Hackney Associated Clubs, 4 Martello Street, London, E.8.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Riverina regional Staff Tutor in the Department of Tutorial Classes. Applicants should be graduates of a recognised University, preferably in Arts, Economics or Science. Commencing salary is £A1,200 per annum rising by annual increments of £A80 to £A1,750 per annum, and with cost of living adjustment (£A31 men, £A23 women). The salary will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is June 1, 1956.

ENTHUSIASTIC experienced Maths teacher wanted in Recognised Co-educational school (Burnham Scale, Superannuation). Other subjects welcome. Scope for initiative and new methods. Box 4401.

ST. JOHN'S Home Training School, Wakefield. Applications are invited for two residential posts in this Approved School for Senior Girls. Applicants should be genuinely interested in the welfare and problems of the adolescent and be prepared to take part in the general running of the school with a special interest in the leisure activities of the girls. Salary according to qualifications. Applications and enquiries to the Headmistress.

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LIVERPOOL Council of Social Service (Inc.) requires an Assistant (and deputy) to Head of Social Welfare Dept. To start Sept. 1. Salary range £425-£600 p.a. Superannuation. Would suit young graduate or social science diploma holder. Details from Sec., L.C.S.S., 14 Castle Street, Liverpool, 2, within five days of this advt. Final applications by May 20.

ADVENTURE Playground Leaders, Grimsby. Full-time post for 1 year in first instance; to continue development of successful venture, from July. Sal. £600 p.a. Applics. giving qualifics. & exp. & 3 referees to: May Kelly, 66 Weelsby Rd., Grimsby.

SPAIN. The Mangold Institute, largest English-teaching centre in Spain, requires for October, 1956, in Madrid and Valencia, teachers of English with working knowledge of Spanish. Apply: Apartado 839, Madrid.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AN INTERESTING opening occurs as secretary to the Executive Director of the British Committee for Technical Development in Israel. Applicants should be of superior education, good appearance, have a pleasant speaking voice and be competent shorthand-typists. Please apply Personnel Manager, 83 Wimpole St., W.1. HUN. 0356.

TRAVEL Service have interesting vacancy in their London office for intelligent secretary with good sh./typing speeds. Continental travel exper. & knowledge German definite advantage. Box 4551.

SECRETARY to the Wardens of the Bernhard Baron Settlement required immediately. Excellent working conditions; post suitable for person intd. in social welfare. Apply Deputy Warden, 33 Berner St., E.1.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

M.A., presentable, recently struggling writer, wide knowledge Arts, some experience teaching, journalism, theatre, seeks suitable post. Box 4431.

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ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days, 5 & 8. "Comedy of Errors." Ntly. Tu.-Sun. 10.30 "Late Interlude." Mems.

UNITY. Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.15. Mems. only. EUS. 5391.

NEW Lindsey Theatre Club. BAY. 2512. "The Final Ace," an unusual play about modern China by Charles Fenn.

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"KING Arthur," Opera by Dryden, music by Purcell, Queen Mary College (Univ. of London), Mile End Rd., E.1. May 15, 17, 7.30. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. ADV. 3520. 10-6 p.m.

INDIAN Magic. Dr. Chatterjee-Cardo in a programme of cultural entertainment, thought reading and magic, with classical dances of India. St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1, on Thursday, May 17, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. and 3s. 6d. from The India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2, or at the door.

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V.V.F.C. Dance. Victoria Halls, Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1, May 12. 7.30-11. Lic. Bar.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, May 13, 7.30, Royal Festival Hall. Das klagende Lied Mahler (1st perf. in England); Violin Concerto—Frank Martin; Magnificat—Monteverdi. Wolfgang Schneiderhan, Jeannette Sinclair, Joan Sutherland, Norma Procter, Wilfred Brown, Peter Pears, Goldsmiths' Choral Union, London Symphony Orchestra, Walter Goehr. 3s. 6d.-15s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

MOZART in Paris (84th French Concert), Wigmore Hall, today, Sat., May 12, at 7.30. Works composed by Mozart in Paris 1763 & 1778. Yvonne Loriod, Annik Simon, Raymond Leppard & Wang Quartet. Tkts. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Hall (WEL. 2141.)

WIGMORE Hall (WEL. 2141), Fri., May 18, at 7.30, Mozart Bicentenary Chamber Concert. Eli Goren, Patrick Ireland, William Pleeth, Bruno Hoffman, Geoffrey Gilbert, Leon Goossens.

ISO ELINSON. 3 Piano Concertos with L.S.O. Royal Festival Hall, Fri., May 18, at 8. Mozart in C (K.503), Greig, Brahms No. 2. Cond.: George Weldon. 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. WAT. 3191. Mgt. Nicholas Choveaux.

MONTEVERDI "Vespers," St. James's, Piccadilly. May 30 at 8. London Bach Grp. John Minchinton. Progs. 5s. Chappells.

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I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Exhibn. of Brazilian Landscape and Garden Designs by Roberto Burle Marx. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat 10-1. Adm. 6d.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Tibetan & Nepalese Art. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

POLISH Folk Art. R. W. S. Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, W.1. (10-5 inc. Sats., Thurs. 10-8.) Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Recent Potraits and other Sculptures by Louise Hutchinson. New Paintings by Denis Wirth-Miller.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Renoir—50 paintings from European Collections. In aid of the Renoir Foundation. Closes June 23. Adm. 3s. Students 1s. 6d. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

COMMUNIST Party Artists' Group: Craft Exhibition & Sale in aid of their Journal "Realism." Work by Boswell, De Francia, Hans Erni, Greaves. Plates designed by Picasso, Léger. Lovely things for the home. Two Days Only: May 12, 3-8. May 13, 11-7. 78 Regent's Park Rd., N.W.1. Adm. free.

NICOLAS de Stael 1914-55; a memorial exhibition. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Wk. days 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. XIX- & XX-Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

SLATTER, 30 Old Bond St. Exhbn. Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

GOLDEN Key Exhibition. New Designs in contemporary furniture featuring "Monaco," an original design by David Kossoff. Tea Centre, Piccadilly Circus (facing Plaza Cin.). Daily 10.30 a.m.-8 p.m. incl. Sats. until May 18. Adm. free. Viewing only.

ROLAND Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. 2 Masters of Colour. Closing May 18. Matthew Smith & Roderick O'Conor.

FOLIO Society, 70 Brook Street, W.1. Compositions and Drawings by Philip Ross. Mon. to Fri., 11-6.30. Until June 1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Italian Realist Painters of "La Colonna," 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture and Paintings by Marino Marini. Until June 16.

SOMB 20th Century Spanish Paintings. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till June 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. (Open Whit. Mon.)

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Jawlensky (1864-1941) 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes June 2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CAPITAL Punishment. Put Abolition on the Statute Book! Great Meeting at the Royal Festival Hall, Thursday, May 24, at 7.30 p.m. (Doors open 7 p.m.) Speakers: Sydney Silverman, M.P., Dr. Andreas Aulie (Attorney-General of Norway), Dr. Paul Cornil (Secretary-General, Ministry of Justice, Belgium), Torsten Eriksson (Chief of Bureau, Ministry of Justice, Stockholm), Gunnar Marnell (Governor, Hall Prison for Psychopaths, Sweden), Frank Byers, Victor Gollancz. The European speakers will describe the results of abolition in their own countries, and will answer questions. Tickets, numbered and reserved, price 1s., from the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, 14 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2 (not many left).

WORLD Congress of Faiths—Service Peoples of All Faiths, King's Weigh House Church, Duke Street, London, W.1. Wednesday, May 23, 1956, at 7.30 p.m. Preacher, Sir Basil Henriques, C.B.E., M.A., J.P., subject Religious Toleration. Participating religious representatives include Ven. Gunaseri Maha Thera (Buddhist), Dr. S. M. Abdullah (Muslim), Rev. Victor Fox (Christian), Rev. Bernard Hooker (Jew), Pandit Rishiram (Hindu), Rev. Edward F. Carpenter (Canon of Westminster).

INTERNATL. Society for Socialist Studies. Conway Hall, May 15, 7.30. Spkr. G. D. H. Cole. Study groups being formed.

AFRO-Asian Students' Co-ordinating Comit. invites you: Conway Hall Concert, Fri., May 18, 7.30. Conference, Sat., May 19, 10 a.m. Sardar K. M. Panikkar, Guest Speaker. Tkts./inform. 8 Barter St. W.C.1. CHA. 4644.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri., May 18, 8.30. M. O'C. Walshe, "Buddhism and the West." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

PERSONALIST Group. James Hayes on "Moral Behaviour and Cybernetics," Conway Hall, Tuesday, May 15, 7.30 p.m.

ASPECTS of Yoga. Talk on Tues., May 15, 8 p.m., "The Practice." Chelsea Town Hall, S.W.3. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENT. London Fabian Soc., Wed., May 16, 7.30. "Destalinisation." Norman MacKenzie, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Vis. 2s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Str., W.1. Tues., May 15, 8.15. Design Centre, discussed by Ernestine Carter, Roger Falk, Erno Goldfinger, Oliver Lebus, Sir Gordon Russell. Chair: Misha Black. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Thurs., May 17, 8.15. First of two lectures on Gracious Living? 1750-1850 by Gordon Rattray Taylor. Chair: J. M. Richards. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Mem'ship invited.

HALDANE Society. "Justice in China" at the Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, E.C.4, 7 p.m., May 15. Spkrs.: Prof. L. C. B. Gower, R. S. W. Pollard, J. P. and Ralph Millner.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, May 13, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "J. S. Mill: A Revaluation."

H. J. BLACKHAM, B.A., "John Stuart Mill (born May, 1806)—Revaluation in 1956." May, 13, 1956, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

"CHURCH and State in Poland": Monica Whately (Catholic Lecturer). Chair: Mrs. D. N. Pritt. Adm. free. Mon., May 14, 8 p.m. Tkts. from Brit.-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Place, W.1. LAN. 6593.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Wed., May 16, 6.30. Symposium on the Buddha's Enlightenment. Read "The Middle Way," 2s. 6d. quarterly. Information 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

"THE World of Transience & Suffering." Public lecture by Lt. Col. E. F. J. Payne, Secretary, the Schopenhauer Society, at 10 Ovington Gardens, S.W.3. Sun., May 13, 4.30 p.m. Buddha Study Association.

PSYCHIC News Forum. Come with questions, Conway, Hall, Wed., May 16, 7.30.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Public Lects., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Suns. at 8. May 13, "Who Was the Buddha?" May 20, "Buddhism—A Way of Life." May 27, "The Future of Buddhism." All welc. Free.

SHAW Centenary Mtg.: "Shaw & Morris," by Page Arnot. Chair: D. R. Hardman. City Lit. Institute, May 11, 7.45. Adm. free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn. Thurs., 7.30 p.m., May 17. Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Suns. 5 p.m. at Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10, for mems. & friends. Meditation & Discourse.

"FOUGASSE" (of "Punch") on "Humour: U & Non-U"; chair.: Benn Levy. Shaw Society at 7 Albemarle St., W.1, May 25, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s.

YOUNG Mapam. North London Branch meets Sundays 7.30 p.m. at 105 Nightingale Road, E.5. AMH. 2898. May 13. News Review. "Socialism in the Middle East."

GUITAR Society meeting at Caxton Hall, Monday, May 14, at 7.30 p.m. Solos, duets, songs, guitar quartet. All welcome, mthly mem'ship 2s. 6d., payable at door.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. PAR. 7379. Fri., May 11, 8 p.m. B. Ranevsky, "Russian Symbolists." Fri., May 18, 8 p.m. D. Tutaev and I. de la Haye, "Chekhov."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford Street, W.1. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day & evening classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

THE Association of Social Workers: A special conference, London, June 22-23, on The Social Worker in Society. Chairman: Professor Roger Wilson. Details from Conference Secretary, 90 Messina Av., N.W.6.

ROMAN Britain: week-end introduct. course (with field excursion) June 8-11 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

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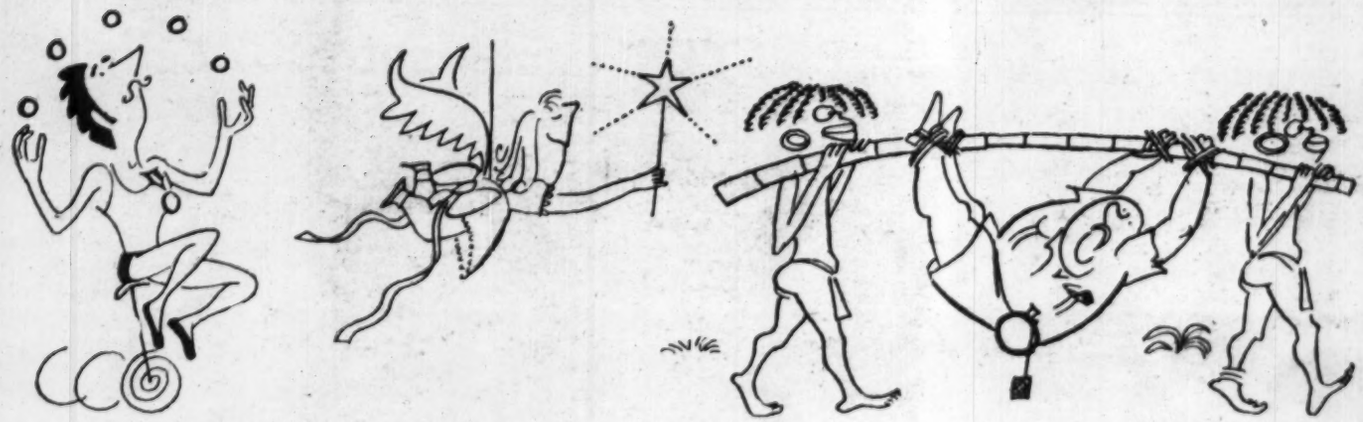

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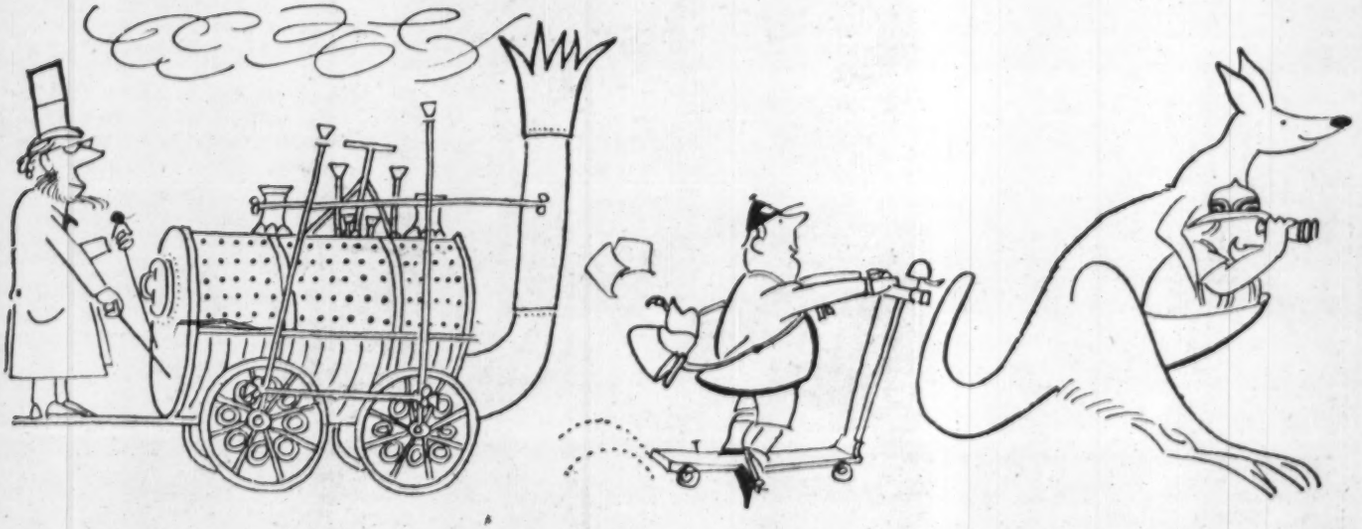

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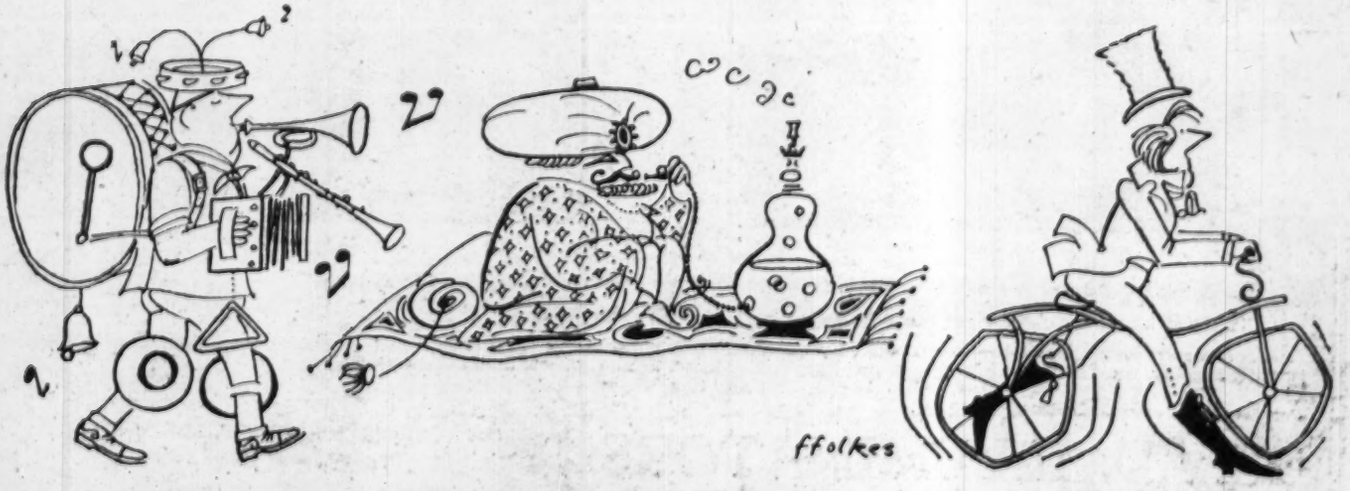

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